THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1895. NO. 2.

NEWS NOTES.

When Mrs. Burton Harrison was in England last year, she paid a memorable visit to Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie. The account of her visit, which will appear in the next number of THE BOOKMAN, contains some interesting matter relating to Thackeray and *Henry Esmond*. This novel, as our readers are aware, is laid among the scenes and characters of old Virginia, peopled by that ancient and honourable English stock to which Mrs. Harrison belongs by birth.

❀

Mrs. Reginald De Koven will publish shortly her first long story through Stone and Kimball. It is spoken of as a society novel, which will create a good deal of interest, and is to bear the amusing title *A Sawdust Doll*. The same firm have in the press another society novel by Mr. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, entitled *Two Women and a Fool*. Miss Lilian Bell, who will be remembered as the author of the remarkably clever story *Love Affairs of an Old Maid*, published by the Harpers about two years ago, has written another book entitled *A Little Sister of the Wilderness*, also to be published at the Caxton Building.

❀

Professor John Fiske, who is now delivering a series of lectures in Chicago, tells us that he is hard at work on a new book dealing with the early history of Virginia, which he hopes to have ready for publication in the fall.

The World Beautiful, by Lilian Whiting, has gone into its fourth edition, and the publishers have been stimulated by this event to publish a volume of her poems.

❀

Among those minor bards who have been set rhyming by the death of Robert Louis Stevenson comes Richard Le Gallienne, with an elegy on Stevenson, prefixed to a new volume of poems which Copeland and Day will publish in conjunction with Mr. John Lane, of London.

❀

A gentleman in Boston disposed of the first volume of the *Chap-Book* the other day for $6.00, and still another sold his first number for $7.50.

❀

Mr. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, author of the *American Peeress*, and soon to be the author of *Two Women and a Fool*, has returned to Chicago after making further researches in the fashionable world—this time in Washington—which he will turn to account in another novel.

❀

M. Brunetière, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is preparing a volume of critical essays on Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Leconte de Lisle, Octave Feuillet, and other writers. Mr. Bourget's *Outre Mer*, which has attracted so much attention in its newspaper form, will be published immediately in two volumes by Lemerre in Paris and by Meyer Brothers in New York.

❀

We hear that one of the features in Messrs. Chapman and Hall's new magazine will be a serial story by Mr. Bret Harte.

❀

We hear that Mr. Chester Holcombe, whose book on *The Real Chinaman* is noticed in another column, has returned to China to take part, so it is reported, in the peace negotiations with Japan. It is to be hoped that he will have a happier experience than befell Mr. J. W. Foster, who was lately summoned by the Chinese Government for a similar purpose, but who soon discovered that he was wanted only to act as a sort of diplomatic stool-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pigeon for the wary and tortuous Celestials.

❀

A correspondent who attended the Burns banquet this year, celebrated at the Holborn Restaurant, London, says it was rather amusing to find the first words of the song "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw," set down on the programme as "O a' the Arts," and "Scots wha hae" transformed into "Scots wae hae." Are there no Scotch printers in London?

❀

At the interesting meeting of the various learned societies, held at Philadelphia during the Christmas holidays, it was decided to take steps looking to the establishment of an American School for Classical Studies at Rome, on the general plan of the very successful one at Athens. The Committee then appointed have just issued a circular detailing the plans suggested for such a School, and asking for subscriptions for its establishment. It is intended to establish its headquarters in an old palace standing in attractive grounds with noble trees overlooking the city of Rome, and commanding an extensive view of the Campagna. The School would be affiliated in some ways with the American School of Architecture, opened in Rome last November, and its work would include not only the study of art and archæology (Italic, Etruscan, and Roman), but also Latin palæography and epigraphy, the Latin language and literature, and the Italic dialects (Oscan, Umbrian, and their variants). A circular giving more complete details will be sent to any one upon application to Professor A. L. Frothingham, Jr., Princeton, N. J.

❀

Mr. Zangwill's literary *causerie* of mingled humour, satire, keen observation, and worldly wise pessimism has become a rare treat to look forward to in the pages of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. "Without Prejudice," in the February number, has a delicious fling at the "zealous Scotchmen who cry 'Genius!' at the sight of a kilt, and lose their heads at a waft from the heather."

❀

A Paris newspaper says that M. Casimir-Périer intends to publish the story of his six months' Presidency in the form of a pamphlet, which he will prepare during his journey in the South. The ex-President, it is stated, has documents in his possession which are certain to produce a profound sensation.

❀

The recent rovings of Mr. William Dean Howells in the field of poetry are viewed with much interest by those who admire his prose writings, and also by those who do not. Mr. Howells' verse is imbued with the same indefinable discontent with the established order of things that has gone so far toward making his later novels unreadable. His last bit of verse is entitled *Society*, and it depicts the giddy rout as it stands revealed to the poet's clairvoyant vision, which discerns the dancers trampling upon human hearts, dashing their heels into infant faces, and staining the waxed floor of the ball-room with imperceptible blood. This seems a pity, too, but it has not yet been announced that Mr. Howells has withdrawn from society in consequence, and shut himself up hermetically in one of the flats about which he is so fond of writing.

❀

The logroller may be the darling of the author, but it would seem that the "slater" is the publisher's friend. A scathing criticism of Mr. Grant Allen's new novel, which appeared in a Sunday edition of the New York *World* on its appearance, promptly sent *The Woman Who Did* into a second edition a few days later.

❀

The interesting and apparently well-founded report comes from England that the Queen is considering a scheme for the establishment of a new Order for the recognition of literary merit. Some details of this proposed scheme are hinted at, and it is said that there are to be three grades—the first to consist of twenty-four Knights of the Grand Cross, the second of one hundred Knight Commanders, and the third of two hundred and fifty Companions. This is probably a revival of a similar plan suggested by Prince Albert not long before his death. Looked at from this distance and from a purely republican point of view, the new Order seems to be an admirable way of creating and stimulating literary jealousies One can easily imagine how,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after the three hundred and seventy-four Knights, Knight Commanders, and Companions have been raised to their new dignity, the other stray thousands of their fellow-writers will begin to poke fun at them, and show what fearful mistakes were made in their selection. And the logrolling will become so intense that Fleet Street and Grub Street and Paternoster Row will resemble a logging camp struck by lightning.

❀

Mr. Henry Irving will then begin to clamour with renewed vivacity for an Order open to actors. He has lately been delivering one of his extraordinary addresses before the Royal Institution, in which he discussed literature, the plastic arts, and painting, and even dabbled a little in etymology, besides pouring forth a flood of bombastic declamation which is probably written for him by some penny-a-liner, and which he innocently believes to be eloquence. There are some signs that Mr. Irving, in his posing as a literary oracle, has about reached the end of his rope. In the *Saturday Review* for February 9th, a well-known critic who writes over the initials "G. B. S.," administers to Mr. Irving, *à propos* of this address, one of the most terrific castigations that we remember to have seen in recent literary history. Why will not Mr. Irving of his own accord come to his senses and recognise the very patent fact that on the stage he is a great dramatic artist, but that so soon as he mounts the lecture platform he becomes a grotesque and capering mummer who appeals only to the mirth of the unthinking and the grief of the judicious?

❀

Roberts Brothers are bringing out a life of William Ewart Gladstone, which is to be written by Henry W. Lucy. These publishers have been successful in securing the best likeness—a portrait recently taken by Mendelssohn—which we have yet seen of the honourable statesman.

❀

Mrs. William Claflin, wife of ex-Governor Claflin, of Boston, whose home has been for so long the centre of social and literary attraction, and where Whittier and Holmes frequently figured, is engaged in writing a book of personal reminiscences of famous people whom she has met. An interesting book of some value may be expected from Mrs. Claflin, as her recollections include such worthies as Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher, Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner, and the poets Whittier and Holmes. The probable title will be *Under the Old Elms*. Mrs. Claflin's little monograph on Whittier has been remarkably successful.

❀

Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet) writes that she hopes to sail from India on March 30th. She expects to be ready for much hard work on her return. Mrs. Harrison has been staying with a friend at Karachi in Sind, on the edge of the desert, "in air which seems to fill one with life and health."

❀

"I know India so well through books and through friends," she writes; "but things read and talked of and things seen are, after all, vastly different. And I find this a more wonderful, far, far more wonderful and picturesque land than I had dreamed of. I am enjoying myself greatly."

❀

Mr. Crockett is deep in engagements for stories. His arrangements for England and America carry him well within sight of the end of the century.

❀

Mr. A. P. Watt, "the great Napoleon of the realms of print," was recently asked, "What authors command the largest prices at the present moment?" "I have no difficulty in answering that," said Mr. Watt. "Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Besant, Mr. Haggard, Anthony Hope; and among the other sex, Annie Swan, Olive Schreiner, Mrs. Clifford, Mrs. Craigie, and Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet). Mr. Kipling, Dr. Doyle, Mr. Crockett, and Mr. Stanley Weyman are among the writers for whom I can get the largest prices, both here and in America."

❀

M. Léon Daudet has planned an extensive work on the social struggles of the future. It will be in three volumes. The first, which will appear in June, is to be called *The Forerunners*; the second, *The Fire-bearers*, and the third, *The City of Bread and Iron*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney will soon issue her first published fiction. *Lovers, Saint Ruth's, and Three Other Idylls* is expected to meet with as wide an appreciation as her verse.

❀

Miss Alice Brown will publish a book of New England stories called *Meadow Grass*. Miss Brown's reputation in the literary world is a steadily growing one, and has been confirmed by her recent strong stories in the January *Atlantic* and in the February *Century*.

❀

"Christopher Craigie" is the pseudonym of a Harvard ex-professor, whose *Old Man's Romance* is now in the press of Copeland and Day.

❀

The director of the *Usine Génévoise de Dégrossissage a'Or* has sent to the Boston Public Library a copy of the fine medal of Count Leo Tolstoï, designed by M. Georges Hantz, a fac-simile of which appeared in our last number. It is regarded as one of the finest medals of modern times.

❀

Yet another illustrated monthly magazine is in preparation. The proprietors of *Answers* expect to publish the first number of the *London Magazine* at an early date. From what we hear, it will not publish serials, but each number will be complete in itself, as is the case with the *Strand* and the *English Illustrated*.

❀

Harry B. Robinson, whose story, *Men Born Equal*, is reviewed among our Novel Notes, is an Englishman by birth, but has been in America for the last twelve years. He started as a journalist on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, with which he was connected in the spring and summer of 1883, and many of his first efforts at fiction were published as short sketches in the columns of this paper. Mr. Robinson has written numerous articles for the magazines during late years, and is now the editor of the *Railway Age* in Chicago; but *Men Born Equal*, published by the Harpers, is his first novel.

❀

The Messrs. Scribner will publish this month a new work by Professor Boyesen entitled *Essays on Scandinavian Literature*. The same writer, it is understood, is preparing a *History of German Literature* to be written upon a novel plan, with especial reference to the connection between the literature and the social development of the people.

❀

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, the favourite of Napoleon, the intimate friend of Rousseau, the precursor of Wordsworth, and the famous author of that Mauritian idyll, *Paul and Virginia*, has been received into the "Laurel Crowned Tales" emanating from the press of A. C. McClurg and Co. His merits are trumpeted forth in an introductory essay, biographical, critical, and biliographical, broken conveniently into eight sections, by Melville B. Anderson, of the Leland Stanford University, California, who also translates anew this popular story of the French Revolutionary period for American readers.

❀

In spite of Professor Anderson's spirited defence of Virginia's fatal step in the famous catastrophe where she dies rather than disrobe, there are critics whose robust sense of the eternal fitness of things will continue to find this sentimental. Augustin Birrell for one "cannot disguise" from himself his own dislike of *Paul and Virginia* when he comes to this rock of offence.

❀

This reference to the maidenly delicacy of Virginia, who sacrificed herself to a convention, recalls an analogous incident which happened to the daughter of Macklin, the famous actor, who, having made her success on the stage by appearing constantly in pieces which compelled the most liberal display of form and limbs to all the house and all the town, died of a slight injury to her knee, which she allowed to grow mortal rather than permit any doctor to look at the suffering place. It would be humouring the irony of fate if such sacrifices were to gain the homage which Professor Anderson in his introduction seems to expect of us.

❀

We hear that Mrs. Hinkson's forthcoming novel of Irish life has been christened *The Day of a Maid*. When the writer joined her in jest over the problem last December, it was suggested that *The Way of a Man with a Maid*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would fit, and this she has evidently foreshortened. We wonder whether *The Way of a Maid* would not be better.

❀

Mr. Brander Matthews has been making a selection of his later essays, to be published in London this spring by Messrs. J. R. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co., under the title *Books and Play-Books*. Although the volume will not contain any of his essays on speech and spelling, which might offend British readers, for whom it has been prepared, it will include a paper on the evolution of copyright, from the *Political Science Quarterly*, and that on certain parallelisms between ancient and modern drama from the Columbia College *Classical Studies in Honour of Henry Drisler*, as well as the more important of the essays printed in the second volume of Harper's "American Essayists," called *Studies of the Stage* and *Americanisms and Briticisms*.

❀

In an animated correspondence over the genesis of the dual idea in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, being conducted in the *Athenæum* by Andrew Lang and others, this bit of news comes out. "It may interest you to know," Stevenson wrote to his publisher in 1885, "that the main incident occurred in a nightmare; indigestion has its uses. I woke up, and before I went to sleep again the story was complete."

❀

"Claudius Clear," fully five years ago, happened to be writing about James Hogg's *Confessions of a Justified Sinner*, and advanced the idea that in this book we have the germ of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Among many more of the same kind, he cited these two passages in evidence: "We are all subjected to two distinct natures in the same person. I myself have suffered grievously in that way." And, "Ye hae twa persons o' the same appearance, and twa tongues o' the same voice. The Deil whiles takes your own shape or else enters into you, and then you turn a deil yoursel'."

❀

Dictum overheard at the Players': "Hall Caine? Oh, he is the Wilson Barrett of literature." "And Wilson Barrett?" "He is the Hall Caine of the stage."

A very great work has just been made conveniently accessible to English readers in the translation by Annie Hamilton of the *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages*, from the original German of Professor Ferdinand Gregorovius. Gregorovius was at one time Professor of History in the University of Königsberg, but becoming profoundly interested in the later history of the Eternal City, resigned his chair and went to Rome, where he spent some twenty-five years in the most patient and laborious research. The great history of the city, which he wrote to embody the results of his labors, first began to appear in 1859, and reached its fourth edition in 1886. It is a marvel of scholarship and critical ability; and is, moreover, what the work of a German professor is rarely found to be, enlivened by a picturesque and attractive style. Dr. Adams has well said that the author "thinks like a German, and writes with the clearness and the spirit of a Frenchman."

❀

The two volumes that are given in this translation cover that obscure period of the city's history when the gloom of the Dark Ages had descended upon Western Europe, and when the myriad artistic treasures of Imperial Rome were plundered and defaced by heathen and Christian alike; when the bronzes were melted down, and the priceless marbles fed to the lime-kilns; when the Forum became the grazing-place for buffaloes, and the Colosseum served as a woollen factory. It is to be hoped that the success of this translation will be such as to encourage the publishers to bring out a translation of the same author's *Wanderjahre in Italien*, which gives the narrative of his personal experience in the quarter century of his explorations.

❀

Mr. Andrew Lang is vigorously predicting the success of a novel that is to appear immediately from the press of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. It is published anonymously, with the title *The Jewel of Ynez Galon;* and though the title has a Spanish sound, the story is largely Welsh, dealing with buccaneers, buried treasure, and wild adventure, and suggesting in its general spirit both *Treasure Island* and *King Solomon's Mines*. It is, however, wholly original

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in its treatment, and contains a number of very curious things. A well-known American writer, who saw the book in manuscript last summer, confirms Mr. Lang's enthusiastic approval with his own.

❀

Mr. Lang, it will be remembered, assured the success of *King Solomon's Mines*, and incidentally established Mr. Rider Haggard's reputation by a very appreciative critique of that book in the *Saturday Review* on its first appearance. He also very early recognised Mr. Anstey's talent by a review of *Vice Versa* in the *Daily News*, at a time when that very clever skit had as yet found few readers. Mr. Lang's first impressions of a novel are apt to be rather intense; and his very picturesque account of how he first read *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is often quoted as a tribute to the power of the book. When he reached the part where the old lawyer decides to break in the door behind which the fiendish Hyde is grimacing and writhing, Mr. Lang was unable to bear it any longer, and throwing the volume down, rushed out of the room. Just why he should rush out of the room is an interesting psychological question, as he must have rushed into another room; and a non-existent person is one from whom no escape is possible. Moreover, Hyde was certainly not in room number one, and might very likely have been lurking in room number two, and so—but only a genius like Mr. Lang can follow this thing any further.

❀

Mrs. Gladwyn Jebb's *Life* of her husband, which was recently published in this country by Roberts Bros., has now passed through two editions in England. Mrs. Jebb, who still makes her home in Kensington, says that she is hard at work on a volume of Mexican stories.

❀

Mr. Theodore Wratislaw's brief, intense, and highly improper poem, in a recent number of the *Chap-Book*, makes one wish for something else from his pen just a little less burning, even though it be not wholly fit for the Young Person. The artistic finish of this poem is rare. By the way, a newspaper of this city, in reprinting it, adds another to our list of literary blunders, by transliterating the Greek title and writing it *Eros d' Agté!*

❀

A Boston poet with a very pretty turn for rhythmical prose thus characterises a well-known novelist of New York life whose sensitiveness is a proverb among his friends: "F—— reminds me of a human eyeball reposing on a gravel walk, where to remain still is impossible, and where every movement causes it exquisite agony."

❀

Professor Lanciani's two fascinating volumes on the recent excavations in Rome excited so general an interest in Roman archæology, both in England and this country, as to influence several of our universities to make permanent provision for archæological work. His many friends, and those of his charming American wife, will be glad to know that he has come out triumphantly from a cloud of misrepresentation and abuse in which the jealousy of some of his own countrymen in this country as well as in Italy enveloped him a year ago. He has lately been advanced to a full professorship in the University at Rome, and restored to his old office of director of municipal excavations. American visitors to Rome find his house always open to them with a cordial and unstinted hospitality.

❀

At the Authors' Club dinner, held in honour of Mr. Crockett recently, the guest of the evening protested that, in spite of appearances, he had not invented Galloway. He had not even created it. A gentleman had come to him the other day and said, "Your books, Mr. Crockett, have been a great delight to me. They have called up many happy recollections of my early life—in the West of Ireland!"

❀

Dr. Conan Doyle has been staying at the Hotel Belvedere, Davos Platz, a place, by the way, which is fast becoming associated with literary history. To the long list of books written or translated at Davos—a list which includes *Treasure Island* and *Ships that Pass in the Night*—must be added *Melting Snows*, to be published shortly by Dodd, Mead and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Margaret Symonds, the translator of *Melting Snows* into English, still makes her home at Davos Platz, where her father died. For years the late Mr. Addington Symonds found in his daughter his most trusted literary helper. A friend who spent some weeks at Davos last December says that Miss Symonds is the idol of society there.

❀

À propos of the recently published biography of Symonds, Mr. William Sharp, in the *Academy*, relates this bit of Stevensoniana: "When he (Symonds) was visited at Davos by Robert Louis Stevenson, he asked his guest what was the dizziest height he had ever climbed to; what, in all his experience, had made him most fearful. Stevenson replied (I quote only from tradition): 'The giddiest height I ever climbed was Mount Ego. I reached the summit and looked down. I have never got over that dismal purview. I scrambled down again ignominiously, and went and idled in a sunny place, and swore that except as a sleepwalker I would never again peer over that crest.' Then, after a silence, he added significantly: 'I wouldn't advise *anybody* to do it. Some day one would overreach one's self, and topple in.' 'And then?' asked Symonds eagerly. 'Oh, then there would be the devil to pay.'"

❀

One of the choice things in the March *Century* is Mr. H. C. Bunner's protest against "Cheating at Letters." Mr. Bunner tries to work a serious vein, but his irrepressible humour is too much for him. There are touches of sarcasm in it which seem to reverberate with the thunder of the *Literary Shop*.

❀

The eleventh edition of Mr. Kidd's *Social Evolution*, in paper covers at twenty-five cents, will be a novelty in that it is a really cheap edition for the general public. We may safely predict for it an enormous sale. It is worthy of note that this edition contains the author's latest revisions and an entirely new preface not to be found in any pirated edition.

❀

D. Storrar Meldrum, author of *Margrédel*, is engaged upon a new story.

Mr. Rider Haggard's *Colonel Quaritch* has been translated into French, and is about to be published by Hachette.

❀

M. François Coppée is to spend some time at Cannes and Milan.

❀

The following strange paragraph appeared in the "Petite Chronique des Lettres" of the Paris *Figaro* of February 8th: "A former sporting editor, Mr. Lang, who has become one of the most popular professors at Oxford, has just completed a work on Positivist Philosophy, entitled *Myths and Religion*, which will shortly appear in French at Paris."

❀

The paragraph caught Mr. Andrew Lang's eye, and he straightway made humorous use of it in a *Daily News* article on "Errors." The only particle of truth in the statement was the fact that one of Mr. Lang's books is being done into French.

❀

Ibsen's *Little Eyolf* is being translated into French by Count Prozer, and is almost ready.

❀

The Impregnable City, a new novel by Max Pemberton, will be published shortly by Dodd, Mead and Company. Mr. Pemberton has been a successful journalist and editor, but has recently severed his connection with *Chums* and other journalistic work to devote himself entirely to literature. He will edit a new series to be issued by Cassell and Company akin to the "pseudonym," and the first volume of the series will be a new story by Percy White, the author of *Mr. Bailey-Martin*, and editor of *Public Opinion*, entitled *A King's Diary*.

❀

Dr. Robertson Nicoll contributes a poem in *Blackwood's Magazine* upon Robert Louis Stevenson, which he calls "Home from the Hills." The theme is the returning of Stevenson's spirit to Scotland. He says:

Let the weary body lie
Where he chose its grave,
'Neath the wide and starry sky,
By the Southern wave;
While the island holds her trust
And the hill keeps faith,
Through the watches that divide
The long night of death.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the spirit, free from thrall,
Now goes forth of these
To its birthright, and inherits
Other lands and seas :
We shall find him when we seek him
In an older home,—
By the hills and streams of childhood
'Tis his weird to roam.

❀

Bliss Carman has also written a Threnody on Stevenson, entitled *A Seamark*. It is a little *brochure* of some twenty-four pages, handsomely printed on good paper, and is to be published by Copeland and Day, at twenty-five cents. We are permitted to quote some lines of the poem :

And there where time will set no mark
For his irrevocable rest,
Under the spacious melting dark,

With all the nomad tinted stars
About him, they have laid him down
Above the crumbling of the sea,
Beyond the turmoil of renown.

❀

No story that Mrs. Burton Harrison has yet written has brought her so many letters—many from territories in the wide West which are geographically unknown to her—as *A Merry Maid of Arcady*, published in the February *Harper's*. Though Mrs. Harrison enjoys writing the novels of American social life which began with *The Anglomaniacs*, she still has a hankering affection for the first loves of her literary life, *The Belhaven Tales*—which, like the first work of most authors, received much of her own experience—and the *Flower de Hundred*, which is the most accurate and authentic picture of the old South that has yet been published.

❀

Mrs. Harrison inclines to the idyllic sweetness and vague charm of certain authors, and as these are the inherent qualities of her early books, this may account for her partiality to these stories and for her literary passions. When she read *Gentleman Upcott's Daughter*, by Walter Raymond, she was one of those who hailed him as another Thomas Hardy, "without a smut upon him." *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* was sent to her by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and both Mr. and Mrs. Harrison have been delighted with it, especially after spending so many months last summer in the Scottish Highlands.

Scotland has fairly captured Mrs. Harrison's imagination, and it will not be long before we have a novel from her which will draw its inspiration from the kilt and the heather. Mrs. Harrison's second son accompanied his mother on her trip last year, and a series of bright, readable sketches on the famous Bens which he climbed and the fish he angled has been appearing in the pages of the Yale *Lit.* An older son, Mr. Fairfax Harrison, who is a lawyer, is a frequent reviewer in the *Critic*, where he may be easily recognised by his fresh, unhackneyed style.

❀

The influence of the daily press in literary affairs has been demonstrated recently in a very direct manner. A friend of ours tells us that a few weeks ago, when she called at an uptown branch of the New York Circulating Library for a copy of Mr. Kidd's *Social Evolution*, there were fifty-one applicants ahead of her. The librarian told her that a few weeks previous they had seventeen copies lying on the shelf without demand ; but on the same day that a lengthy review appeared in one of the New York dailies the demand set in, and has continued since then, with a long roll of names in arrears. This would also seem to show that the book trade does not suffer so much from a dearth of book-readers as from a lack of book-buyers.

❀

It is, we believe, an open secret that the lady to whom Mr. William Heinemann's little play, produced at the Independent Theatre, London, and now published in book form, is dedicated, is Miss Elizabeth Robins of Ibsen fame.

❀

Mr. Anthony Hope's new serial, shortly to commence publication in the *Idler*, has been pronounced by two or three most competent judges and editors to be the best story for serial purposes which has been written for four or five years.

❀

In response to a general demand from booksellers and others, Dodd, Mead and Company have decided to publish an American *Book Prices Current*, which will correspond with the English publication bearing this name. It will be uniform with Mr. Stock's Annual, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will date from the beginning of the present year.

❀

Professor James Schouler, of Boston, has so far revised and rewritten the first two volumes of his *History of the United States under the Constitution* as to necessitate the making of new plates. The remaining volumes have also been revised preparatory to printing a new edition of this popular work, which will be issued in April, with the addition of maps. Professor Schouler's final volume on the Civil War, completing his original plan, is now in active preparation.

❀

Rudyard Kipling's somewhat saturnine reputation in Brattleboro society is offset by the description of one who saw him at a little hotel in Gloucester last summer. There he showed himself most modest, ingenuous and companionable. He read some unpublished jungle stories to the guests, and not only entertained, but gave himself up agreeably to entertainment. He was especially pleased by the performances in negro dialect of a Southern girl. One song, an almost incommunicable jargon, he got her to repeat ; and the next day, when every one else had quite forgotten it, he surprised the company by singing the ditty from beginning to end with a sly twinkle and the drollest imitation.

❀

Here is a story he told of himself : "One day I was sitting in my bachelor study in London when suddenly a gentleman appeared at the door unannounced, followed by two young ladies. 'Is this Rudyard Kipling?' inquired the gentleman. 'Yes,' I answered. I turned round. 'Girls, this is Rudyard Kipling.' 'And is this where you write?' he continued. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Girls, this is where he writes.' And before I had time to offer them tea," said Mr. Kipling, "they were gone, girls and all. I suppose they had all literary London to do in that way."

❀

"I confess a certain contempt," says George Saintsbury in his recently published *Corrected Impressions*, "for any one who cannot get excited over print and paper." Quotation has its uses, and in the present instance enables us to boldly lay ourselves open to the charge of ex-

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

uberance of feeling at the sight and touch of Mr. Mosher's fastidious reprints of poetry and prose to be issued monthly as *The Bibelot*. Mr. Mosher's laudable plan is to garner in the hidden corners of scarce editions for those rare exotics of literature which do not find a wide or ready audience, and to present them to book-lovers in an elegance of artistic setting which shall more widely extend the love of their exquisite literary form. The January and February numbers contain *Lyrics* from William Blake and *Ballades* from François Villon. The March issue will comprise *Mediæval* (*Latin*) *Students' Songs*. Fifty cents will secure the numbers for 1895.

❀

A story which, if it be not absolutely *vero*, is at any rate sufficiently characteristic to be considered *ben trovato*, is now going the round of the clubs at the expense of a well-known poet and critic, who is not so hypercritical as to be unable to appreciate his own distinguished services to literature. It appears that the Poet, in the company of Mr. H. C. Bunner, Mr. Laurence Hutton, and Mr. Frank Stockton, having visited the play, dropped in at Del-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

monico's for a light repast. The only tables left unoccupied in the café were those intended for two persons ; but the Poet observed that two young men were seated at one of the tables meant for four, and going up to them, he asked whether they would be willing to take one of the smaller tables and let him and his friends have theirs, a request to which they very politely acceded.

❀

From the casual remarks dropped by the two young men during the next half hour and overheard by the *partie carrée*, it was discovered that they were Harvard undergraduates down from Cambridge for a day or two. Coffee and cigars having now been reached, the Poet in the goodness of his heart, and having in mind the courtesy of the young men, thought to himself what a kindly act it would be to let them know how distinguished a group they had accommodated. It would be an experience memorable in their life history, something to tell their grandchildren about in after years. So going over to the contiguous table, he invited the amiable youths to join his party and finish their coffee in his company.

"And it gives me great pleasure to introduce ourselves," he remarked in his most genial manner. "I am Mr. So-and-so, and this is my friend, Mr. Bunner, the editor of *Puck*. This is Mr. Laurence Hutton, and this is Mr. Frank Stockton."

A faint and inscrutable smile stole over the faces of the ingenuous youths. Then one of them slapped the Poet on the back.

"My dear fellow," he said, "*so* glad to know you all. And it gives me great pleasure to make ourselves known to you. I myself am Kaiser Wilhelm ; and this," touching his companion lightly with a cheese-stick—"this is my friend, Fürst Bismarck !"

❀

Mr. R. H. Sherard is writing an authorised Life of Madame Sara Bernhardt. By his lives of Zola and Daudet, Mr. Sherard has already proved himself a successful biographer, and the work on which he is now engaged in Paris promises to be exceptionally interesting. It may not be generally known that Mr. Sherard is a great-grandson of William Wordsworth.

We hear, on authority that should be good, that a contribution from Mr. George Meredith may shortly be expected within the boards of the *Yellow Book*.

❀

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher promises an edition of *Homeward Songs by the Way*, by A. E., which was recently issued by "Whaley, Dublin"—said to be the most mysterious publishing house in the British Isles. The poems will be printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper, and bound in Japan vellum in the style of the Bibelot Series ; and the decorative work will be done by a young Western designer who still remains incognito.

❀

Vanity, the new weekly record of society life, has been conceived by Mr. Nugent Robertson for the purpose of proving that a bright, up-to-date society organ can be successful without the aid of scurrilous innuendo and tea-cup scandal. We do not envy Mr. Robertson his attempted Herculean task to cleanse the Augean stable of the society press. The paper as it has appeared so far is timely and fresh in its reviews of the new books of the week, of the drama, and of music and the arts. While it is doing well to keep all uncleanness out of its gossipy pages, it must look to it that they do not suffer from lack of vivacity and sparkle. Meat is wholesome, but the palate craves a certain quantum of mustard and piquant sauce to give it relish.

❀

We have the best reasons for stating that Mr. Andrew Lang's new book, *A Monk of Fife*, will reveal an entirely new phase of the writer's powers. The opening chapters in the *Monthly Packet* are full of vigour and historical imagination, and may well make some of our younger romanticists look to their laurels. Mr. Lang has chosen the period concerned with Joan of Arc ; a period which he has made particularly his own. The opening of the story is powerful and original, and the demon monk, Noirofle, both historical and dramatic.

❀

It has been ascertained that Miss Christina Rossetti has left no manuscripts behind her, nor has she retained letters written to her. She was evidently in the habit of destroying them when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

read. Among her books have been found a good many copies of a very scarce little pamphlet containing a poem by her sister, Maria Francesca Rossetti. It was thought that only two or three copies of this booklet, which was issued at the same time as Christina Rossetti's privately printed verses, were in existence.

❀

Mr. George Gissing's new novel, *Eve's Ransom*, will, on its completion in the *Illustrated London News*, where it is running serially, be published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

❀

We have it on good authority that the leading characters of *The Woman Who Did* are founded on distinguished personages who figure prominently in English society.

❀

Notwithstanding that certain magazines are said to be "down on low life," a few intrepid writers have invaded the press with picturesque sketches drawn at first hand from the life of the "great East Side," and have met with unwonted success. What Mr. Townsend, in his burlesques of the Bowery and Chimmie Fadden, has done for New York, Mr. Nevinson, in his *Slum Stories*, has accomplished in a more serious fashion for Shadwell and Mile End in London. Yet another and more powerful writer of the East has arisen in Mr. Arthur Morrison, whose *Tales of Mean Streets* in London has just met with the disapprobation of Messrs. Smith and Mudie's Libraries, and is probably, for that reason, the most-talked-of book of the hour. Roberts Brothers will bring out an American edition toward the end of the month.

❀

Mr. Morrison is a young man of thirty-one, whose literary experience has been a happy one. For some years he was secretary to an old Charity Trust whose operations caused his residence and employment among the meanest districts of East London. There he gathered material for the sketches which have appeared from time to time in the *National Observer*, the first and introductory chapter having been published in *Macmillan's Magazine* October, 1891, entitled "A Street."

When Mr. Morrison severed his connection with the Charity Commission five years ago, he joined the staff of a well-known paper in London, but soon grew tired of journalistic routine, and set himself to do leisurely the work he felt he was best fitted to do. His detective stories have recently been collected and published under the title *Martin Hewitt, Investigator*, and the series is being continued as "The Chronicles of Martin Hewitt," in the new *Windsor Magazine*. Mr. Morrison is at present thinking of writing a novel of East London, and has also a new "Tale of a Mean Street" nearly ready.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

The *reductio ad absurdum* of journalistic enterprise would seem to be reached by Mr. Bok in a forthcoming attempt to settle the nice shades of meaning that differentiate the word "woman" from the word "lady," which is to be discussed—more's the pity—by three eminent American writers, Margaret Deland, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mrs. Burton Harrison. We presume this will be followed by an analysis of the words "man" and "gentleman" by three male authors, whose names will also lend weight to this atrocious trifling with the ends of literature.

❀

We learn, as we go to press from a friend in England, that a complete manuscript volume, entitled *Letters to a Boy of Twelve*, has been discovered among the unpublished manuscripts of Robert Louis Stevenson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OTHER ONE.

Sweet little maid with winsome eyes
That laugh all day through the tangled hair ;
Gazing with baby looks so wise
Over the arm of the oaken chair,
Dearer than you is none to me,
Dearer than you there can be none ;
Since in your laughing face I see
Eyes that tell of another one.

Here where the firelight softly glows,
Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,
What to you is the wind that blows,
Driving the sleet of the winter storm ?
Round your head the ruddy light
Glints on the gold from your tresses spun,
But deep is the drifting snow to-night,
Over the head of the other one.

Hold me close as you sagely stand,
Watching the dying embers shine ;
Then shall I feel another hand
That nestled once in this hand of mine ;
Poor little hand, so cold and chill,
Shut from the light of stars and sun,
Clasping the withered roses still
That hide the face of the sleeping one.

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may,
Sorrow comes to us all, I know ;
Better perhaps for her to stay
Under the drifting robe of snow.
Sing while you may your baby songs,
Sing till your baby days are done ;
But oh, the ache of the heart that longs
Night and day for the other one !

Harry Thurston Peck.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. JOHN DAVIDSON,

AUTHOR OF "FLEET-STREET ECLOGUES," "BALLADS AND SONGS," ETC.

Mr. John Davidson, whose *Ballads and Songs*, published by Mr. John Lane in England and by Copeland and Day in America, may be described without exaggeration as the poems of the hour, was born at Barrhead, Renfrewshire, Scotland, on the 11th of April, 1857. His father was an Evangelical Union minister, and his mother was the daughter of the parish schoolmaster at Elgin. His early childhood was spent in Glasgow, where his father was for two years colleague to Dr. James Morison. At the age of fifteen he became a pupil teacher at Greenock, and till 1889 he was engaged in teaching in various Scottish towns. In 1890 he came to London and embarked on a literary career.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Although only thirty-seven, Mr. Davidson has already written ten books. Besides his *Plays*, I may mention *Perfervid*, which had a curious history. It was written at Crieff, and under the title *Like Father, like Son*, went the round of the publishers. It was returned with the remark that the title was already copyrighted. Mr. Davidson next called it *Bred in the Bone*, and sent it on a second wandering, only to be reminded that Mr. James Payn had written a novel of that name. "In despair," he remarked, "I fixed on the utterly impossible title of *Perfervid*, and one consequence is that the book has never had a large sale."

To return to the list of Mr. Davidson's writings, his first real success was achieved in 1893, when he published *Fleet-street Eclogues*. He told me how this volume originated.

"When I was a teacher in Scotland, I had the idea of writing a kind of teacher's calendar on the plan of the old Shepherd's Calendar, but this idea was never carried out. When my father died, however, among the books that came into my possession was a copy of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. As I read it the old idea revived, but I was in London now, and the journalists of Fleet-street seemed closer friends than the teachers of my younger days. So I wrote a journalist's calendar, under the title of *Fleet-street Eclogues*, and every morning, before sitting down to my desk, I read a chapter of Gibbon."

A Random Itinerary is another well-known work. It gives a series of travel sketches. Mr. Davidson travels round London as Xavier de Maistre travelled round his room, noting everything with the discriminating eye of the poet. As far as mere distance goes, his travels are all before him. When I asked him about the scenery which has entered most deeply into his poetry, he named the district of the Ochills, where as a boy he used to spend his summer holidays, and the scenery of the Firth of Clyde. "When I am alone and not preoccupied, the sweep of the coast between Helensburgh and the entrance to Loch Long comes before me, and however far I may travel in the future, no other coast can be so deeply graven on my memory."

Mr. Davidson knows parts of England very intimately, such as the Chilterns and the old Cinque Ports. Readers will remember his beautiful poem, *A Cinque Port*, which expresses so well that spirit of melancholy which broods over towns like Rye and Winchelsea, which now, with the salt wind murmuring through their streets, remember long-departed glories, and "Await the end that shall betide." The most careless traveller, as he climbs the streets of Rye on an autumn evening, must have felt this burden of the past; but no one has expressed the feeling so well as Mr. Davidson.

In reading *Ballads and Songs*, nothing impressed me more than the evident influence of Goethe, an influence, however, which nowhere obscures the strong individuality of the poems. I was much interested to learn from Mr. Davidson that Goethe has long been one of his favourite writers. He does not read German, but in translations he made himself familiar years ago with the work of the greatest of modern poets. Carlyle, who with Scott and Shakespeare was the author he studied most deeply in boyhood, showed him the way into the world of German poetry.

"The later writers," said Mr. Davidson, "whom I have read most are Tennyson, and, recently, Ibsen. I don't mean that you could trace Ibsen in my work, but he has certainly had a considerable influence on my thought. It would be well worth while to study Norwegian in order to read him in the original. Swedish, too, I should much like to learn, for the writings of Strindberg and Ola Hansson can hardly be appreciated in English. By the way, I may mention that Ola Hansson's wonderful book, *Young Ofeg's Ditties*, has been translated by George Egerton, and will shortly be published by Mr. Lane."

I asked Mr. Davidson whether he considered London a good home for a poet.

"Better than any town in Britain," he replied. "I at least can work quite as well in London as in the country. If I can get a quiet room, no matter how near the city's roar, I can work steadily for two or three hours every morning."

We spoke next of the poetry which is not only written in London, but has London for its subject. There are poems in Mr. Davidson's new book, as well as many passages in the *Itinerary*, which show how he has been caught by the fascination of the city. There is no one whom Londoners would welcome more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gladly than a poet who could transfigure the scenes and incidents of their common life, and such a poet they have in Mr. Davidson. Whether he stands on Primrose Hill, showing how, far off in the sunlit distance,

> "Dissolving, dimly reappearing,
> Afloat upon ethereal tides,
> St. Paul's above the city rides,"

or strolls down the noisy main street of Aldgate, crowded with waggons and choked with passengers, he is always able to see how above dim London,

> "Close as a roof and like a jasper stone,
> Lit by the Lamp of God,"

there hangs a new and more wonderful city, the creation of a poet's fancy.

Although Mr. Davidson published four books last year—*A Random Itinerary*, his collected *Plays*, *Baptist Lake*, a novel issued by Ward and Downey, and the *Ballads and Songs*—he has no idea of taking a rest from work. On the contrary, the appreciation of the public, which is making up in cordiality for a tardiness of which Mr. Davidson does not complain, has encouraged him to new and more important efforts. This year he hopes to give us further ballads and eclogues.

"Do you think," I asked, "that 'booming' does an author much good?"

"Yes, I think it does from the commercial standpoint. People need to have their eyes opened to new writers."

"May I ask if any one has a right to claim that he 'discovered' you?"

"Well, no," said Mr. Davidson, with a smile, "I 'discovered' myself; but I may say that I have never met a more sympathetic and appreciative man than Mr. Grant Allen. He has an open mind for everything new, and does not, like some critics, keep back his kind words till an author no longer requires them."

Mr. Davidson did not conceal from me that he had found his four years in London something of a battle. "When I first came to town," he said, "I tried every kind of pot-boiling, without being able to realise a sufficient income. My mainstay was reviewing, and my chief source of income the *Speaker*. Sir Wemyss Reid gave me my first chance in London."

The reception of *Ballads and Songs* is proof sufficient that brighter days are in store for Mr. Davidson. Until lately, he was the idolised poet of a small and select coterie; now, by one of the sudden turns of fortune's wheel, he has become one of the most popular and most fashionable of our younger poets.

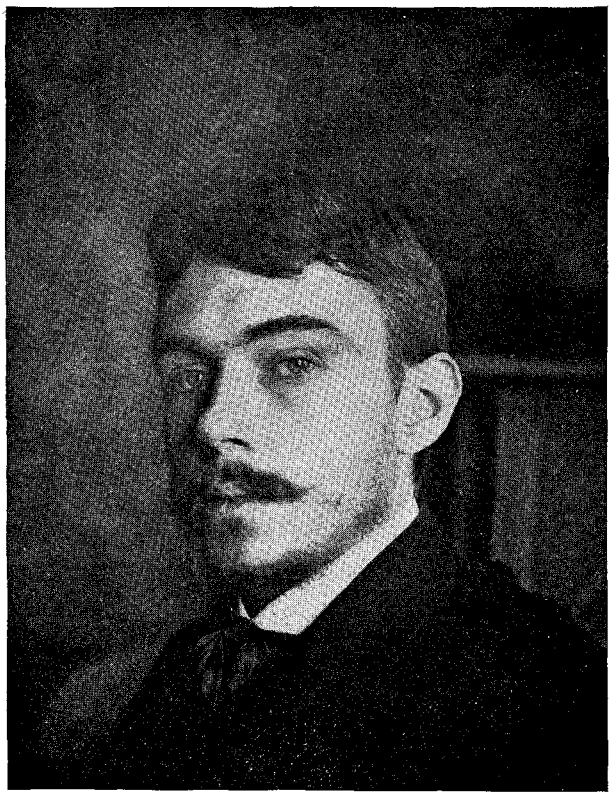
Jane T. Stoddart.

THE EDITOR OF "THE YELLOW BOOK."

The great amount of criticism of all kinds called forth by that unique publication, *The Yellow Book*, has led many residents of New York to brush up their recollections of its editor, Mr. Henry Harland, who now for some years has expatriated himself and become a confirmed Londoner.

Henry Harland, the literary editor of *The Yellow Book*, was born in this city just thirty-four years ago. He was graduated from the College of the City of New York, and subsequently went to Harvard, where, however, he did not remain to take a degree. He afterward set out on a pleasure trip through Southern Europe, and spent a winter in Rome. From 1883 to 1886 he was in the office of the Surrogate, where his literary career was really begun. He was then living at his father's house in Beekman Place. During this time he had formed a definite literary plan, which his hours at the office did not allow him the necessary leisure to carry out. It was, accordingly, his daily habit, pursued through all one winter with the utmost conscientiousness, to go to bed and to sleep immediately after dinner; at two o'clock in the morning he rose, and, fortified with black coffee, he then wrote undisturbed until it was time for breakfast, preceding his start down-town to his labours in the Surrogate's office. The fruit of his winter's work, in which there is not even a remote suspicion either of pre-prandial

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Yours always sincerely
H. Harland

coffee or of midnight oil, was his first novel, *As It Was Written*, a story of Jewish life in New York, published in 1885. This and others of his first books appeared under the pseudonym of "Sidney Luska," a name that he only gradually sloughed off for his own legitimate appellation, which, in point of fact, is apparently of the two the real *nom de guerre*.

The subjects of his subsequent stories, *Mrs. Peixada* (1886)—in which year he left the Surrogate's office to devote himself wholly to literature—*The Yoke of the Thorah* (1887), *My Uncle Florimond*, and *Mr. Sonnenschein's Inheritance*, both in 1888, were, like his first novel, taken from Jewish life, and, like it, they were all characterised by a refreshing newness of material and novelty of treatment. Harland well recognised at this time that he had opened up a new vein, and he consciously worked it. He was led, however, to the choice of subject by his own personal predilections. He had many friends among the Jews, and he had a sincere admiration—or asserted that he had—for the Jewish character. At any rate, Jewish life in all this early work has never been more sympathetically treated. This is even the case in *The Yoke of the Thorah*, which evoked some protest on the part of the Jews themselves, who called upon Harland to vindicate his position, as he did in a public address in one of the city synagogues.

This first subject, however, was never more than a passing phase that has not since been recurred to. *Grandison Mather*, published in 1889, in which year he went to Europe, is largely autobiographical. This was followed, the same year, by *A Latin Quarter Courtship*; the succeeding year by *Two Women or One?* and *Two Voices*; in 1891 by *Mea Culpa*; in 1893 by *Mademoiselle Miss*, a collection of short stories. Since 1889 he has not been in America, but has oscillated between Paris and London, where his real residence is, in Cromwell Road.

Henry Harland's own work on *The Yellow Book* has been altogether on a higher plane than that of his contributors, whose selection in many cases is entirely inscrutable. When all is said, whether to its advantage or disadvantage be here apart, *The Yellow Book* has undoubtedly attracted attention. Whatever Aubrey Beardsley may or may not be considered to have done for it in an artistic way, Harland has undeniably given it by his editorship a by no means insignificant literary place.

William H. Carpenter.

NOTE.—This portrait is reproduced from a plate made for the new edition of the Library of American Literature, by courtesy of William Evarts Benjamin.

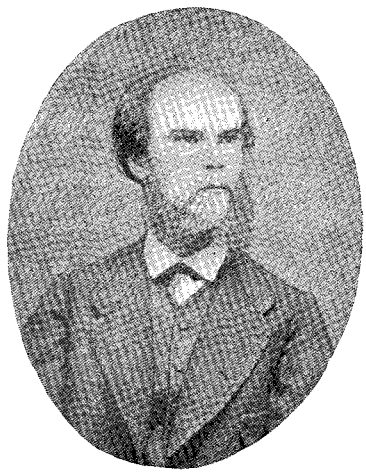
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FRENCH SYMBOLISTS.

I.

It may be seriously questioned whether great poetry is ever found in any school of poetry. When France produced her great lyric singers she knew of no such school. Sturdily independent were Lamartine, Béranger, Alfred de Musset; and although the Romantic poets who followed the lead of Victor Hugo were so dazzled by his genius as to conceive of no beauty save in imitation of him, they can hardly be considered to have formed a school; and, moreover, from their midst nothing great came save the works of the great master who stood at their head and out of their circle because so far above them. But as soon as the great masters disappeared or began to rest, schools began to appear—that is, rules began to be laid down, the strict observance of which, more than the sincere and powerful expression of internal emotion, came to be considered, by a small circle at least, the stamp by which a work of art was recognised.

Le Parnasse—this was the not overmodest name given to their group by the men who tried to create a new poetical code by turning into imperative laws some of Hugo's spontaneous practices. The "sonorous echo" which Hugo claimed his soul to be had little attraction for them. The fulness of his rhymes, the abruptness of the rhythm in some of his stanzas, the dazzling *éclat* of some of his words, the rich coloring and the sharp outline of his metaphors they admired above all, and were determined to reproduce in their own works. Already Leconte de Lisle and Théophile Gautier, one with the fervour of an apostle, the other with the cool head of a pleasure-loving sceptic, had shown them what could be achieved in that direction. They followed, hardly ever equalling them, these masters of patiently constructed verse. With them the poet's study became a regular workshop; they toiled with hammer and chisel; they knew how to hew, and carve, and polish marbles and stones of all descriptions, and their hand acquired such skill as to enable them to find a snug corner for chips of every possible size and shape. And all this was done without in the least relaxing the severity of the old rules of French poetry. To sum it up in a phrase which is familiar to all students of French art theories, the Parnasse was the school of *la difficulté vaincue*. The *Parnassiens* went so far that one of their youngest disciples, in 1866, openly declared war against . . . inspiration!



PAUL VERLAINE AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SIX.

Oh! l'Inspiration superbe et souveraine,
L'Egérie aux regards lumineux et profonds,
Le Genium commode et l'Erato soudaine,
L'Ange des vieux tableaux avec des ors au fond!

* * * * *

Ce qu'il nous faut à nous, les Suprêmes Poètes
Qui vénérons les Dieux et qui n'y croyons pas,
A nous dont nul rayon n'auréola les têtes,
Dont nulle Béatrix n'a dirigé les pas,

A nous qui ciselons les mots comme des coupes,
Et qui faisons des vers émus très froidement,
A nous qu'on ne voit point aller jamais par groupes
Harmonieux, au bord des lacs et nous pâmant,

Ce qu'il nous faut à nous, c'est, aux lueurs des lampes,
La science conquise et le sommeil dompté,
C'est le front dans les mains du vieux Faust des estampes,
C'est l'Obstination et c'est la Volonté!

* * * * *

Libre à nos inspirés, cœurs qu'une œillade enflamme,
D'abandonner leur être au vent, comme un bouleau.
Pauvres gens! l'Art n'est pas d'éparpiller son âme;
Est-elle en marbre ou non, la Vénus de Milo?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strange to say, the young poet who sang these lines was soon to be hailed as the leader of an uncompromising reaction against the Parnasse; he was to glory in the name (was it not a nickname at first?) of *décadent;* and more perhaps than any French poet of our time he has since then *éparpillé son âme.* He was then only twenty-two years of age; he is now past fifty. His name is Paul Verlaine.

PAUL VERLAINE: SKETCH BY HIMSELF.

This transformation, however, was not a sudden one. There are two very distinct periods in Verlaine's poetical career, and they are separated from each other by a long interval. During the first period he is simply a very clever and very brilliant *parnassien.* In his *Poèmes Saturniens* (1865), in his *Fêtes Galantes* (1869), in *La Bonne Chanson* (1870) no sign can be detected of any revolutionary purpose. All the rules of French versification are strictly obeyed, and as much attention is paid to the quality of rhymes as in the poems of even Théodore de Banville. The poet thus far had remained true to his first utterances; his lines were the productions not of spontaneous overflowing emotion, but of patient labour. The labour, moreover, was not unrewarded. No lover of French poetry could fail to discover real music in several of the songs of *La Bonne Chanson,* for instance. Already Verlaine made charming use of the decasyllabic metre, so admirably handled by Alfred de Musset in his *Conseils à une Parisienne,* in which poem, however, the poet of the *Nuits,* afraid, as it were, of his own boldness, intermingled pentasyllabics with his decasyllabics. Verlaine moves one step further, and merrily sings:

L'hiver a cessé; la lumière est tiède
Et danse, du sol au firmament clair.
Il faut que le cœur le plus triste cède
A l'immense joie éparse dans l'air.

Between *La Bonne Chanson* and *Sagesse* eleven years elapsed. The Verlaine of *Sagesse* is, to all appearances, a new man and a new poet. He has suffered, sinned, repented, fallen again, and begun a strange series of oscillations between God and Satan. Several years have been spent by him in a pious retreat at the "Chartreuse" of Montreuil-sur-mer; he has acquired the habit of introspection. Language he now values, not as some plastic material out of which to carve any shape that may suit his fancy, but simply for the expression of his joys and sorrows, of his hopes and terrors. No man ever more conscientiously burned what he had worshipped and worshipped that which he had formerly destroyed. The painstaking industry of the versifier he despises no less than he hates the light-hearted scoffing of his former utterances. In his revolt against the set rules which might interfere with the free expression of his various moods, he goes so far as to reject even the rhyme which Banville, the law-maker of the *Parnasse Contemporain,* had declared to be the generating element of French verse. All lovers of poetry in France now repeat his famous tercets:

O mon Dieu, vous m'avez blessé d'amour,
Et la blessure est encore vibrante,
O mon Dieu, vous m'avez blessé d'amour.

Voici mon front, qui n'a pu que rougir,
Pour l'escabeau de vos pieds adorables,
Voici mon front qui n'a pu que rougir.

Voici mes mains, qui n'ont pas travaillé,
Pour les charbons ardents et l'encens rare,
Voici mes mains qui n'ont pas travaillé.

* * * * *

Dieu de terreur et Dieu de sainteté,
Hélas! ce noir abîme de mon crime,
Dieu de terreur et Dieu de sainteté.

Vous, Dieu de paix, de joie et de bonheur,
Toutes mes peurs, toutes mes ignorances,
Vous, Dieu de paix, de joie et de bonheur

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vous connaissez tout cela, tout cela,
Et que je suis plus pauvre que personne,
Vous connaissez tout cela, tout cela.

Mais ce que j'ai, mon Dieu, je vous le donne.

It happened, when Verlaine published *Sagesse*, in 1881, that a number of young men were trying to break away from the old restraints of French poetry. They were first and last individualists. They would submit to no rule ; and as many a line, many a stanza in *Sagesse* was full of combinations which Boileau and Banville—far as they are from each other in their theories—would have agreed in condemning as unpardonable sins, these young poets united in greeting Verlaine as their chief and idol. One point, however, they overlooked, though of the greatest importance. All their labours had for their objects the discovery of new poetical forms, of new modes of expression, while Verlaine simply sought to relieve his heart, whether in its sorrowful or happy moods, of a load of emotion which he could not retain within. They are not without their excuse, since Verlaine himself indeed welcomed them, and wanted to become their spokesman and sponsor before the public.

They were all young save one, whom perhaps at heart they admired a great deal more than they did Verlaine ; a poet whose verse was a good deal more formless than anything in *Sagesse*, whose utterances had nothing of the clearness of

PAUL VERLAINE AT HOME. (BY VANIER.)

Verlaine, whose poems and manifestoes were at times—for the public at large at least—strings of unintelligible riddles. We refer to Stéphane Mallarmé, whose *Après-midi d'un Faune* and *Petite Philologie* had been published in 1877 and 1878, and who had just edited Beckford's *Vathek*.

It is just about that time that a hostile critic taunted them with being nothing but poets of decay, and that they took up the name of *décadents*, flung at them as an insult, insisting on making it a glorious title, claiming that *décadence* is simply a more advanced form of civilisation. In this they showed the influence of Charles Baudelaire, which was beginning to act powerfully upon them, and to which Verlaine himself soon after submitted.

Adolphe Cohn.

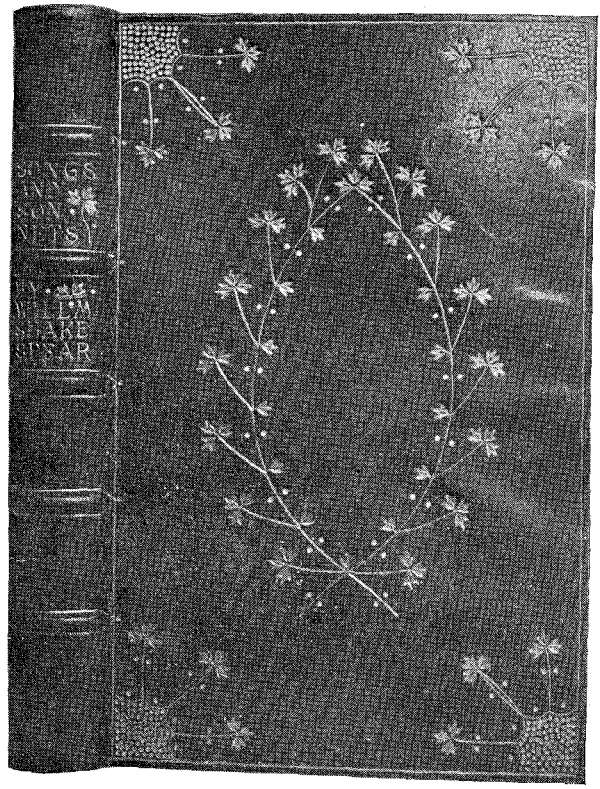
THE FIRST EXHIBIT OF THE CAXTON CLUB OF CHICAGO.

The notable feature of the exhibition of book-bindings at Chicago, conducted under the auspices of the Caxton Club, is the modern section—the *fin de siècle* bindings. The Committee on Selection undoubtedly had a hard task to decide what should be left out without giving offence to would-be exhibitors, many of whom would consider any book dressed in leather as a fine binding. Do the best it could, there was still a preponderance of Zaehnsdorfs and Ringers. There are some very creditable specimens of Zaehnsdorf, however, among which should be mentioned a Shelley's *Prometheus* in green morocco, with an elaborate border of mitred fillets and curves, and doublé with tasteful floriation ; and a Kelmscott Keats in a rich *fanfare* design. The best example by Mr. Ringer is undoubtedly a copy of *Etching and Etchers* in green moroc-

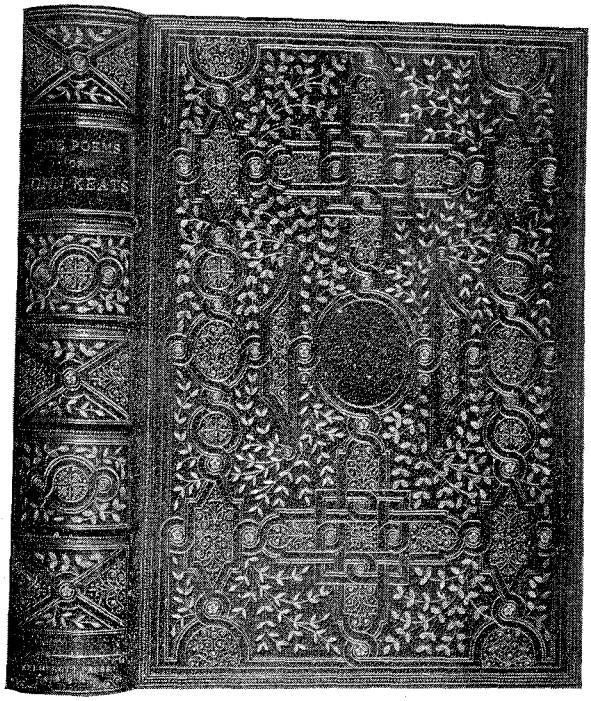
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

co, with *dentelle* borders and inlays in the manner, but hardly with all the grace and symmetry of Derome. There is also a goodly sprinkling of examples by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson and the Doves Bindery. A copy of Rossetti's *Germ* is in his early manner; a Ruskin's *Two Paths*, in brown morocco, and a *Prometheus* (Shelley) in green are in his best style. A dainty bit of symbolic decoration is displayed on a little book of selections, *Sayings of Our Lord Jesus Christ*, from the Doves Bindery. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson affects certain shades of green, which are the delight of the ladies, but they can hardly prove lasting in brilliancy with long exposure to Chicago atmosphere.

Aside from the interest of the exhibit centred on bindings, there are many notable specimens of Americana included, several of which in uncut condition are thought to be unique. A number of illuminated manuscripts and missals claim attention—an *Al Koran*, done at Constantinople about the middle of the seventeenth century, in stamped Oriental binding; and another manuscript of much earlier date in old worn brocade and silver covers, making one wish that glass doors did not stand in the way of a more intimate acquaintance.



BOUND IN LIGHT OLIVE GREEN MOROCCO BY T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON.



KELMSCOTT KEATS. BOUND IN DARK GREEN MOROCCO BY ZAEHNSDORF.

Mr. Kemeys, the sculptor, figures as an author and book-binder in this exhibition. His Indian legend of *Little Panther* is engrossed by himself on vellum, with Indian ornaments, and the binding is unique. The covers, of morocco, are inlaid with large copper electros, made direct from his own models, the figures in relief being bold and striking.

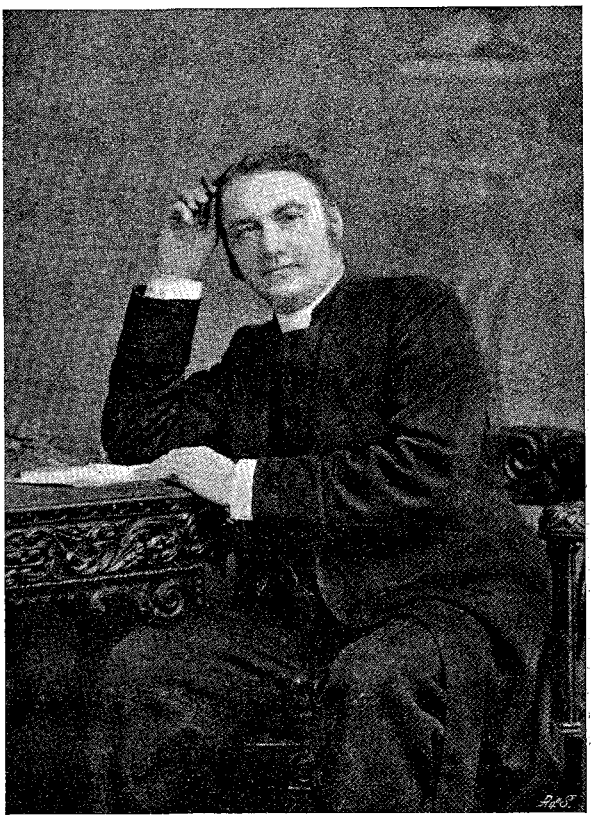
In the historical section there are an original Grolier, several Le Gascons, and Deromes, Padeloups, and Simiers, Trautz-Bauzonnets, and others bearing the arms of the several French Louis and their queens and other royal ladies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IAN MACLAREN AT HOME.

AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH."

It was in a suburban Surrey book-room that one evening in the October of 1894 I received from the editor of a great daily journal a parcel of literature to be tasted and testified upon for the enlightenment—or otherwise—of those readers by whom the literary verdicts of the journal in question were regarded as words of authority. It was a somewhat miscellaneous parcel, though fiction of various kinds was the predominating constituent; so being in a mood for work with a minimum of irksomeness, and being acquainted with the fact that short stories are at any rate less fatiguing than long ones, I chose from the little heap the one volume which seemed to contain food convenient for me. It was called *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, which seemed a pretty though not specially appetising title; and Ian Maclaren, the name of the auctorial Bushman, had no associations whatsoever; but the book was evidently broken up into compassable portions, and therefore, in that lazy hour, it was clearly the book for me.



IAN MACLAREN (REV. JOHN WATSON, M.A.).

So I began my reading, calmly and indifferently enough, and soon a strange thing happened. It is a matter of common experience that sympathetic tears and laughter do not come easily in loneliness—they come less easily, in fact, than in the presence of even a silent companion—and it was therefore not an everyday experience when, after half an hour with *The Bonnie Brier Bush*, I heard the silence broken by my own audible chuckles; and, oftener still, had to stop that I might get rid of thick-coming tears or to catch a quick breath when my chest rose and fell spasmodically, and the lump came in my throat. How many times I broke down utterly during the reading of those three hundred pages I shall never be able to say. One thing, however, I can say—and I say it as one who has been reading and reviewing fiction for a quarter of a century, and who ought by this time to be case-hardened—that never during all those years have I read a book which moved me so constantly and profoundly as I was moved on that October evening during three hours or thereabouts spent in the vicinage of the bonnie brier bush.

A series of perfectly natural but then wholly unforeseen occurrences, too trivial for narration, had this outcome—that in less than a month I found myself in Liverpool, sitting face to face with Ian Maclaren, who, in the interval, had been revealed to the world as the Rev. John Watson, of the English Presbyterian Church, Sefton Park. Concerning a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great personage in the world of letters with whom I had some slight acquaintance I was once asked—it is needless to say that it was a lady questioner—"Does he look literary?" Now this is a very difficult question to answer, because a literary look, save in extreme cases—like that of Lord Tennyson, for example—is not always readily recognisable; but were I pinned down to a definite statement in this particular instance, I think I should say that Mr. Watson does *not* look literary. But he looked something else which was perhaps equally to the purpose. Tall, strongly built, with cleanly carved, decisive features, and the steady, alert eyes which testify to a firm will and a perfectly poised nervous organisation, Mr. Watson struck me at once as being one of those born leaders and helpers to whom a man or woman in what is colloquially called "a tight place" might go with a sure expectation of receiving aid, guidance, comprehension, sympathy.

We had been talking—or rather I had been talking—of the unanimous welcome given by the press to *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, and the author had been celebrating what he called "the wonderful kindness of the critics to an unknown writer," when I said, "I gather, then, that the book contains your first completed experiments in story-telling, and that it had no tentative predecessors?"

"That is so. With one exception, about which you shall hear, they were absolutely my first attempts."

"But, of course," I inquired, "you must have been collecting and arranging your materials for some time, and looking forward to the publication of this, or some similar book, at a suitable opportunity?"

"No," replied Mr. Watson, "not even that. The existence of the book was entirely unpremeditated. It is as great a surprise to me as it is to any one; I can't even yet get over my wonder at it. Nothing could well be further from the lines of activity in which I had deliberately set myself to travel."

"Then how did it come about?"

"Ah, that's a very odd story. You perhaps know that Dr. Robertson Nicoll and I have been acquaintances for some time, and I have contributed to his magazine, the *Expositor*, a number of articles on my own class of subjects. Well, Nicoll is a wonderful man; he sees what nobody else can see; he's just 'no canny.' I forget how long it is since he began to bother me to write some sketches of Scottish life—he knew I could do it—so he said—and I must do it for him. He kept on—talk, talk, talk—in that queer, quiet way of his, and I answered nothing, because there was nothing to say. Then he began to write letters, and finally to send telegrams, and then I said, 'This is growing serious; I must put a stop to it.' And, you see, there was only one way of putting a stop to it; so I just followed the example of the unjust judge in the parable, and I sat down there and then and wrote a story which I sent off to him. I have every reason to believe that it was a very poor story; but it was all the better on that account, for it seemed that I could only convince him of my penury by exhibiting my rags. But oh, that man! as I said just now, he really is 'no canny.' I got the manuscript back, and with it a letter. I wish I had kept that letter; I should have liked to show it to you. But it ran something like this: 'I shall not print this story. It is not what *I* want, and not what I know that *you* can do. Write something else in your true vein, and send it to me soon.' You see Nicoll didn't know when he was beaten, but I knew when *I* was beaten.

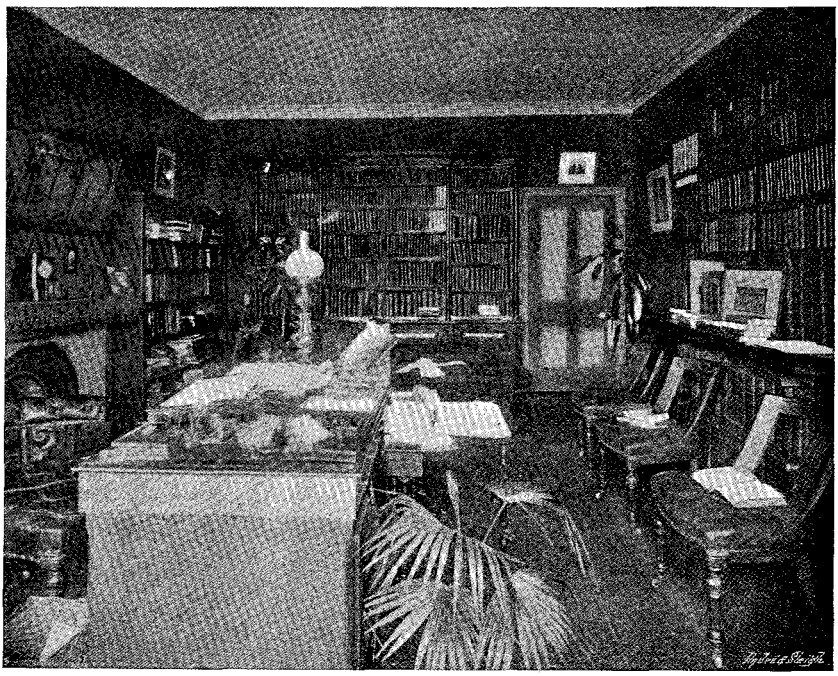
"There was nothing for it but to give in, so I thought of some types of character which I had known in my Scottish parishes when I was a young minister fifteen years or more ago, and I selected one or two of them, and wrote 'Domsie,' which, you remember, is the first sketch in the *Brier Bush*. And, by the way, there is just one point which I should like to mention now. Some people seem curious about the 'originals' of this and that character in the stories. If the book continues to interest people I should like it to be known that there are no originals—that there is not a single portrait in the volume; the people are simply individualisations of types that are familiar to every minister—or, for the matter of that, to every layman—in any Highland or semi-Highland parish. But I was telling you about 'Domsie.' This time I didn't receive the manuscript back again. I simply got a letter from Dr. Nicoll, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

purport of which was that 'Domsie' had affected him much in the same manner that you were kind enough to say it had affected you. It was just what he wanted, and should appear in an early number of the *British Weekly*. Then he wanted more, and somehow the other stories came into shape, till finally the book was published. And there it is; but, as I have said, it is a surprise to me still."

"But," I said, "surely by this time you must be convinced that you have the power to move people intensely. Even the general tone of the reviews is enough to make you sure of this."

"Oh, yes; the reviews have been most encouraging; wonderfully so, seeing that they were dealing with the work of an inexperienced beginner—an amateur. And I have received a good deal of external testimony from all kinds of



MR. WATSON'S STUDY.

"Well," I said, "I think that is one of the most curious histories of an imaginative work that I ever heard. The story most like it is that of how George Eliot was induced by G. H. Lewes to try her hand at fiction; but it is clear that when the idea was suggested to her she took to it much more readily and kindly than you did. The ordinary notion of imaginative creation is that it is the outcome of an irresistible impulse."

"It wasn't so in my case. I was not conscious of any power in that direction; and even now that the book is published, and you and other kind critics have said all sorts of pleasant things about it, I feel as doubtful about myself as ever."

people as to the way in which they have been touched by the stories. I met a neighbour of mine the other day, and he said, 'I owe you a grudge.' When I asked what it was, he said, 'Why, I spent the whole of yesterday evening making a fool of myself over your book;' and I have received a perfect shoal of letters saying the same thing."

"I don't very well see," I answered, "how they could say anything else. I think the reader who did not break down, or feel like breaking down, over some things in the book, would be pretty nearly invulnerable."

"There is one thing," remarked Mr. Watson, "respecting communications of this kind, both by letter and in conversation, which has struck me as very

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

curious. The book seems to have produced a much stronger and more general emotional effect upon men than upon women, who are generally supposed to be much more susceptible. So far as I can judge from what I have heard, I should be inclined to think that the contrary view is the true one."

I said that it was a rather difficult problem, but that I thought the most probable solution was that men being, as a rule, stronger in imagination than women, they are probably more sensitive to pathetic appeals made through an imaginative vehicle. Of course they are moved by such scenes, for example, as the deaths of little children in the books of Dickens, but there the maternal and child-loving instinct—always strong in a true woman—is directly appealed to; to say nothing of the fact that the pathos is accentuated by artful rhetoric, instead of being, as in *The Bonnie Brier Bush*, left to make its own impression.

"For instance," I said, "you know that in my opinion one of the most pathetic things in the book is the story of the Highland fling performed in the middle of a field by the two elderly men, Dr. Maclure and Drumsheugh, after their successful fight with death over the body of poor Saunders; but the incident, in itself, is pure comedy; it derives its pathetic quality from its antecedents, and it is this indirect, suggested pathos which makes a demand upon the imagination."

Mr. Watson said he thought this might be the explanation of what had seemed to him very curious, and then returned to the letters. "The oddest of them were from kindly correspondents who had become so warmly interested in the course of the stories that they were anxious to control—or at the very least to be comfortably assured of—their *dénouement*. I cannot tell you how many people wrote imploring me to bring Flora Campbell home again."

"Isn't it," he said, "just inexplicable—that people should agitate themselves in this fashion about a simple story? Now, Mr. Noble, you are a man of literary experience, and I have none at all, and you can tell me whether this kind of thing is at all usual."

"Well," I replied, "you must remember that I have had no experience in writing stories, and I don't know much about it. I should think that it is not usual, but then, as you know, I don't think *The Bonnie Brier Bush* is exactly the usual kind of book. Dickens said that he had numberless letters begging that little Nell should not die, and at any rate *your* letters show that you have made people feel very intensely."

The impression stamped upon my mind by *The Bonnie Brier Bush* had inspired what I thought was a natural and legitimate curiosity concerning the author's future literary plans, and in response to my interrogation, he said, "I have already written additional Drumtochty sketches which will fill about a third of a volume similar to the *Brier Bush*, and I see my way to the other two thirds. When that volume is finished I shall finally abandon Drumtochty, because I shall have exhausted the available types; and to go on would be to make bricks without straw. I should like to write a story dealing with the darker side of Scottish life—and there is a darker side that I have not yet touched—but that is a big task and a difficult one. In the meantime, I shall try my hand at other stories, dealing with phases of English life, quite different from anything in the book; but I can't at all tell whether I shall succeed with them. Only this morning I have received the proof of one of these new experiments, or rather of the first chapter of it—there are only two chapters in all—and I do not in the least know whether I have done what I was aiming at."

At my request the printed chapter was read by its author, and whatever doubts he may have had about it, I had none. I did not hear—nor have I had an opportunity of reading since—the second chapter, in which I could foresee that the emotional interest would reach its poignant climax; but in the chapter that was read to me there was a letter from the wife to the husband which, in the pathos of its selfless love and its beautiful unconscious self-abnegation, stamped on the mind of one hearer an impression not less deep than that struck by the most moving passage in the volume. Of one thing I could not but be certain—that I had been listening to a master, to one who instinctively controlled all the springs of profound emotion.

James Ashcroft Noble.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

By the Author of "My Study Fire," "Short Studies in Literature," etc.

II. TIME AND PLACE.

To get at the heart of Shakespeare's plays, and to secure for ourselves the material and the development of culture which are contained in them, is not the work of a day or of a year; it is the work and the joy of a lifetime. There is no royal road to the harmonious unfolding of the human spirit; there is a choice of methods, but there are no "short cuts." No man can seize the fruits of culture prematurely; they are not to be had by pulling down the boughs of the tree of knowledge, so that he who runs may pluck as he pleases. Culture is not to be had by programme, by limited courses of reading, by correspondence, or by following short, prescribed lines of home study. These are all good in their degree of thoroughness of method and worth of standards, but they are impotent to impart an enrichment which is below and beyond mere acquirement. Because culture is not knowledge but wisdom, not quantity of learning but quality, not mass of information but ripeness and soundness of temper, spirit, and nature, time is an essential element in the process of securing it. A man may acquire information with great rapidity, but no man can hasten his growth. If the fruit is forced, the flavour is lost. To get into the secret of Shakespeare, therefore, one must take time. One must grow into that secret.

This does not mean, however, that the best things to be gotten out of books are reserved for people of leisure; on the contrary, they are oftenest possessed by those whose labours are many and whose leisure is limited. One may give his whole life to the pursuit of this kind of excellence, but one does not need to give his whole time to it. Culture is cumulative; it grows steadily in the man who takes the fruitful attitude toward life and art; it is secured by the clear purpose which so utilises all the spare minutes that they practically constitute an unbroken duration of time. James Smetham, the English artist, feeling keenly the imperfections of his training, formulated a plan of study combining art, literature, and the religious life, and devoted twenty-five years to working it out. Goethe spent more than sixty years in the process of developing himself harmoniously on all sides; and few men have wasted less time than he. And yet in the case of each of these rigorous and faithful students there were other and, for long periods, more engrossing occupations. Any one who knows men widely will recall those whose persistent utilisation of the odds and ends of time, which many people regard as of too little value to save by using, have given their minds and their lives that peculiar distinction of taste, manner, and speech which belong to genuine culture.

It is not wealth of time, but what Mr. Gladstone has aptly called "thrift of time," which brings ripeness of mind within reach of the great mass of men and women. The man who has learned the value of five minutes has gone a long way toward making himself a master of life and its arts. "The thrift of time," says the English statesman, "will repay in after life, with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and waste of it will make you dwindle alike in intellectual and moral stature beyond your darkest reckoning." And Matthew Arnold has put the same truth into words which touch the subject in hand still more closely: "The plea that this or that man has no time for culture will vanish as soon as we desire culture so much that we begin to examine seriously into our present use of time." It is no exaggeration to say that the mass of men give to unplanned and desultory reading of books and newspapers an amount of time which, if intelligently and thoughtfully given to the best books, would secure, in the long run, the best fruits of culture.

There is no magic about this process of enriching one's self by absorbing the best books; it is simply a matter of sound habits patiently formed and persistently kept up. Making the most of one's time is the first of these habits; utilising the spare hours, the unemployed minutes no less than those longer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

periods which the more fortunate enjoy. To "take time by the forelock" in this way, however, one must have his book at hand when the precious minute arrives. There must be no fumbling for the right volume; no waste of time because one is uncertain what to take up next. The waste of opportunity which leaves so many people intellectually barren who ought to be intellectually rich, is due to neglect to decide in advance what direction one's reading shall take, and neglect to keep the book of the moment close at hand. The biographer of Lucy Larcom tells us that the aspiring girl pinned all manner of selections of prose and verse which she wished to learn at the sides of the window beside which her loom was placed; and in this way, in the intervals of work, she familiarised herself with a great deal of good literature. A certain man, now widely known, spent his boyhood on a farm, and largely educated himself. He learned the rudiments of Latin in the evening, and carried on his study during working hours by pinning ten lines from Virgil on his plough—a method of refreshment much superior to that which Homer furnished the ploughman in the well-known passage in the description of the shield. These are extreme cases, but they are capital illustrations of the immense power of enrichment which is inherent in fragments of time pieced together by intelligent purpose and persistent habit.

This faculty of draining all the rivulets of knowledge by the way was strikingly developed by a man of surpassing eloquence and tireless activity. He was never a methodical student in the sense of following rigidly a single line of study, but he habitually fed himself with any kind of knowledge which was at hand. If books were at his elbow, he read them; if pictures, engravings, gems were within reach, he studied them; if nature was within walking distance, he watched nature; if men were about him, he learned the secrets of their temperaments, tastes, and skills. If he were on shipboard, he knew the dialect of the vessel in the briefest possible time; if he travelled by stage, he sat with the driver and learned all about the route, the country, the people, and the art of his companion; if he had a spare hour in a village in which there was a manufactory, he went through it with keen eyes and learned the mechanical processes used in it. "Shall I tell you the secret of the true scholar?" says Emerson. "It is this: every man I meet is my master in some point, and in that I learn of him."

The man who is bent on getting the most out of life in order that he may make his own nature rich and productive will learn to free himself largely from dependence on conditions. The power of concentration which issues from a resolute purpose, and is confirmed by habits formed to give that purpose effectiveness, is of more value than undisturbed hours and the solitude of a library; it is of more value because it takes the place of things which cannot always be at command. To learn how to treat the odds and ends of hours so that they constitute, for practical purposes, an unbroken duration of time, is to emancipate one's self from dependence on particular times, and to appropriate all time to our use; and in like manner to accustom one's self to make use of all places, however thronged and public, as if they were private and secluded, is to free one's self from bondage to a particular locality or to surroundings specially chosen for the purpose. Those who have abundance of leisure to spend in their libraries are beyond the need of suggestions as to the use of time and place; but those whose culture must be secured incidentally, as it were, need not despair; they have shining examples of successful use of limited opportunities about them. It is not only possible to make all time enrich us, but to use all space as if it were our own. To have a book in one's pocket and the power of fastening one's mind upon it to the exclusion of every other object or interest is to be independent of the library, with its unbroken quietness. It is to carry the library with us; not only the book, but the repose.

One bright June morning a young man, who happened to be waiting at a rural station to take a train, discovered one of the foremost of American writers, who was, all things considered, perhaps the most richly cultivated man whom the country has yet produced, sitting on the steps intent upon a book, and entirely oblivious of his surroundings. The young man's reverence for the poet and critic filled him with desire to know

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what book had such power of beguiling into forgetfulness one of the noblest minds of the time. He affirmed within himself that it must be a novel. He ventured to approach near enough to read the title, holding, rightly enough, that a book is not personal property, and that his act involved no violation of privacy. He discovered that the great man was reading a Greek play with such relish and abandon that he had turned a railway station into a private library! One of the foremost of American novelists, a man of real literary insight and of genuine charm of style, says that he can write as comfortably on a trunk in a room at a hotel, waiting to be called for a train, as in his own library. There is a good deal of discipline behind such a power of concentration as that illustrated in both these cases; but it is a power which can be cultivated by any man or woman of resolution. Once acquired, the exercise of it becomes both easy and delightful. It transforms travel, waiting, and dreary surroundings into one rich opportunity. The man who has the *Tempest* in his pocket, and can surrender himself to its spell, can afford to lose time on cars, ferries, and at out-of-the-way stations; for the world has become an extension of his library, and, wherever he is, he is at home with his purpose and himself.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

GERMAN AND SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE IN 1894.

II.

That among the multitude of historic physiognomies which have been subjected to fresh scrutiny, that of Goethe stands forth pre-eminent is a matter of course. Thus we have a very precarious piece of research entitled *Faust vor Goethe*, by Dr. J. W. Bruinier, who attempts to prove that the alleged mediæval puppet play of *Faust*, edited by Engel, is a fabrication made up, like a mosaic, of various versions, with an admixture of independent invention; and that accordingly there is no evidence of any German Faust-play antedating Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, which by this author is held to be the original of the puppet plays. An ambitious but utterly futile contribution to the Faust literature is V. Valentine's *Goethe's Faust-dichtung in ihrer künstlerischen Einheit dargestellt*, which learnedly and elaborately explains what is in no need of explanation, but leaves the dark places as dark as they were before. Exactly the opposite judgment would apply to Professor Erich Schmidt and Bernhard Suphan's edition of the *Goethe-Schiller Xenien*, which (like all the previous publications of the Goethe-Gesellschaft) is a model of accuracy and painstaking scholarship. Ottokar Lorenz's *Goethe's Politische Lehrjahre* is a mere pamphlet, but full of interesting information. To the Goethe literature belongs also the deplorable revival of the inquiry regarding Goethe's relation to Frederica Brion, the daughter of the parson at Sesenheim. Only a German who has a depression in his cranium as a substitute for the bump of humour could possibly perpetrate with a serious face anything so appalling as Gustav A. Müller's *Urkundliche Forschungen zu Goethe's Sesenheimer Idylle und Friederikens Jugendschichte*. Think of *Urkundliche Forschungen* into the question—not to put too fine a point upon it, as Captain Cuttle would say—of the virginity of a young girl who died eighty years ago. For amazing as it may seem, that is what the whole affair resolves itself into. And not content with having, in one volume, wrought murderous havoc, trampling with heavy, hobnailed boots upon the delicate flowers of the Sesenheim idyll, the excellent Herr Müller publishes a second volume entitled *Sesenheim wie es ist*, in which, with the same clumsy, thoroughgoing conscientiousness, he tries to destroy the poetry of one of the loveliest episodes in the life of Germany's greatest poets. Well, such are the penalties even of an accidental fame. Poor Frederica!—a mere unhappy fly immortalised in amber. Have, then, the dead no rights which the living are bound to respect?

Amid the unending stream of Goethe literature I note a new *Life*, by Dr. S. M. Prem, which is not without value.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It contains nothing that is positively new, but it is agreeably written by a man who is familiar with the territory he is traversing, and breathes its atmosphere with ease and comfort—which is more than can be said of nine tenths of the biographers.

Among the minor poets whose dust has been disturbed in 1894, Friedrich Hölderlin deserves at least a sigh for his unhappy fate. Herr Müller-Rastatt dedicates to him an elaborate plaint, a sort of prose elegy, which would seem a superfluous thing to do in view of the fact that Litzmann's *Life and Letters* supplies nearly all the information which is here offered. For a very beautiful edition of the letters of Achim von Arnim and Clements Brentano (with most excellent and artistic portraits) we are indebted to Professor Hermann Grimm and Reinhold Steig. How spacious life was in those days, when people had time to pour forth their overflowing emotion in such mile-long confidences! This is indeed, as far as Brentano is concerned, what Lessing called a rescue (Rettung) —*i.e.*, a rehabilitation of a much-aspersed reputation. That sturdy old Martin Luther should be in need of such a "rescue" would scarcely occur to any one not a Catholic; but for all that two well-meant and not uninteresting books have recently made their appearance, one devoted to clearing up his relation to the Seventh Commandment (or the German Sixth) and the other to elucidating the many dark points in his journey to Rome. The author of the former work calls himself Lutherophilus, and that of the latter is A. Hausrath.

Out of the wilderness of notable biographical and autobiographical works I have only space to refer briefly to those of *Gervinus; Franz Liszt*, by L. Romaine; *Hans Sachs*, by R. Genée; *Sandro Botticelli*, by H. Ullmann; and *Novalis*, by J. Bing. Of all the publications of the year in this line nothing has attracted public attention in the same degree as Theodor von Bernhardt's posthumous collection of letters and diaries, entitled *Unter Nicolaus und Friedrich Wilhelm IV.* and *Die Anfänge der Neuen Aera*. This is indeed the very stuff that history is made of, and in point of importance and brilliancy does not fall behind the rather disappointing *Memoirs* of Talleyrand.

If Germania stands defiant and drunk with victory, her Scandinavian half-sister, Saga, as behooves one whose greatness is in the past, sits lost in melancholy brooding. It is thus the painters and sculptors represent her, with the ancient Saga-book resting upon her knees, and her large, sad eyes gazing with a vague, reminiscent fire into the dim future. She might, however, take a more cheerful view of the situation. Though her sons no longer go marauding through her world, as in the olden time, at least three of them—Ibsen, Björnson, and Edward Grieg—have made notable conquests during the last decades. Ibsen's last play, *Little Eyolf*, which has appeared, or is announced to appear, in a dozen languages, is for the moment puzzling the critics of the same variety of tongues. Nevertheless it is one of the least mysterious of the riddles of the great Sphinx. Is has less symbolism or general obscurity than *Hedda Gabler* and *The Master Builder*, and it shows a stronger grip on character and situations. Björnson, too, has added a fresh and beautiful leaf to his laurels in *Absalom's Hair*, in which he touches his high-water mark as a story-teller. Deeper, subtler, and more marvellously complex psychology than this tale displays I have never found in any modern author. Jonas Lie, the third in the literary triumvirate of the North, has given us a drama, *Lystige Koner* (*Merry Wives*), and Arne Garborg has given us a biography of Jonas Lie, which is far better, cleaner, and sweeter than Garborg's coarse and nasty novels. In these he gives himself great airs as a *fin de siècle* cynic—a *blasé* man of the world—from Jaederen. A comparatively new author, the Rev. Konrad Dahl, who is chaplain to the penitentiary in Christiania, has undertaken in his novel *Arne Livaag* to trace the ancestral influences and contemporary environment which in their combination go to the making of a murderer; and complex though the problem is, he has here made an admirable contribution toward its solution.

In Denmark the year has, as regards literary production, fallen considerably below the average. For all that there is no lack of literary workers in this land. Some sixty odd of them have just joined hands and formed an authors' union; and there are yet some left out in the cold. Among the publications of the year, *Vice-Admiral Just Juel's En Reise i Rusland under Tsar Peter*,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ved Gerhard Grove lays claim to more than ordinary interest on account of its vivid pictures of Russian life in the eighteenth century. Another antiquarian labour of great merit is Dr. Ludvig Larsson's critical edition of the Frithjof Saga, the fame of which Bishop Teqnér spread over the world. Unhappily Danish literature, since Hans Christian Andersen died, rarely reaches beyond the boundaries of the shrunken and reduced little kingdom. The smallness of their audience has naturally a depressing effect upon the authors, some of whom, notably Sophus Schandorph and Holger Drachmann, are worthy of a better fate. The latter's *Völund Smed* (*Weland the Smith*) is a vehement revolutionary manifesto in ringing verse. The poet has flung away finally and forever his silk beaver of Philistine respectability and donned the Jacobin cap of his youth. There are very few people in Denmark nowadays who have the courage to do anything so wildly imprudent.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

LONDON LETTER.

Vacant Places in the Literary World.

There were never so many men and women employed in literature as now. The production of books increases, though with comparative slowness, while the number of periodicals grows almost every day. There is no reason to suppose that the limit of demand has been reached. Changes in the education and the tastes of the people may affect the quality of what they ask for; but however that may be, the number of readers grows, and is likely to grow. Successful authors, or some of them at least, have a way of depreciating the rewards of their profession and warning off beginners. The most eminent of the older novelists wrote to the most brilliant of his younger fellow-workers, when the latter was beginning his career, one of the most pathetic dissuasives against the literary profession I have ever seen. Yet, though it may be a bold thing to say, I am convinced that we have not too many good writers, and in certain departments there is assured fame and success awaiting those who will take up the work. I shall try in the present letter to indicate some of these vacancies, and it will be understood that I am speaking solely at present from the editorial point of view.

Although women writers abound, it is very hard to find young ladies who can write the domestic and religious story in an interesting and graceful way. Mr. Heinemann, Messrs. Hutchinson, and the other publishers who have issued the literature of the new woman are constantly discovering recruits of promise. Those, on the other hand, who have confined themselves to fiction, where marriage and the home are exalted, and where the great Christian assumptions are made, find it very hard to supply the place of writers leaving the field or losing their popularity. For example, where is there nowadays a writer of Miss Muloch's type, with equal popularity and genius? I should not know how to answer this question. There are two ladies of this school, and only two, so far as I remember, who have it in their power to increase the sale of a magazine, and whose books run into twenty thousand and beyond it. Then, when we come to the religious novel, as distinguished from the theological novel, our perplexity is still greater. Some twenty years ago the Church of England was represented very ably by Miss Yonge, and the Nonconformist churches by Emma Jane Warboise. Miss Yonge, happily, still survives, and is doing excellent work; but it cannot be expected that she should retain the ascendency of her prime. Mrs. Warboise has been dead some years, and, although great efforts have been made, no one has been found to take her place. An Anglican or Nonconformist lady in full sympathy with the religious tenets of her church, and with the power of writing agreeable and fluent narrative, would have an enviable position, and might exercise a great influence. There are perhaps few Eng-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lishwomen in middle life or beyond it who have not read the works of Elizabeth Wetherell, a writer with a real vein of genius; but even in America there has been no one to succeed her, so far, at least, as popularity in this country is concerned. The truth is, that the spread of higher education among women seems to have for the time weakened their adherence to Christianity. They write as ably as ever, but the proportion of decided agnostics among literary women is very much greater than the proportion among literary men. It does not follow that the popular beliefs have altered. The religious public is as large as ever, and when a book combines literary merit with strong faith, like the *Bonnie Brier Bush*, it springs at once far ahead of the newer fiction. Indeed, there are many signs that the neurotic school is losing what hold it had, and the question is, What is going to take its place?

A notable feature of the literary activity of the time is what Mr. Andrew Lang has called the "parochial novel." The Scotch parochial novel has been preeminently successful in the hands of a few men. But men like Mr. Queller Couch have done the same service for parts of England, and with equal delicacy and power. Why the *Delectable Duchy*—the most beautiful of Mr. Couch's books, and one of the most beautiful books written for many years—has not had a great popular success it is difficult to understand. Still, there are large and inviting regions which have been barely touched. I refer particularly to London. The idyllist of London has not yet appeared. Mr. H. W. Nevinson, a young writer, has just published a book entitled *Neighbours of Ours* (published in America under the title *Slum Stories of London*), which deals with the East End, and shows very considerable promise. But who has dealt with South London, the South London which Dickens knew so well? Again, while Scotch Nonconformity has been most ably and sympathetically depicted, English Nonconformity—a still more stubborn-principled and heroic thing—remains without adequate portraiture. The same thing might be said of the Church of England. Idylls (I am using the term in the loose popular sense) cannot be written at all save by a man of heart, and I am tempted to say that they cannot take a real hold of the community unless the author is also a believer in Christianity. There are many signs, however, that the cynical indifference of the last twenty or thirty years is passing away and giving place to a mood represented by Mr. Balfour, whose new book has been received with such extraordinary warmth and gratitude. Should this temper prevail, we shall doubtless have notable additions to our literature.

Another kind of novelist is wanted—a successor to Wilkie Collins. In their desire to escape from themselves, people are now buying and reading eagerly books of adventure. This is very well, but it cannot continue for an indefinite period. The amazing popularity of *Sherlock Holmes* proved that readers would warmly welcome a revival of the old mystery story. It is reported with great persistency that Dr. Conan Doyle is ashamed of the popularity of *Sherlock Holmes*, and prides himself on his historical novels. If that is so, it is only another proof of the incapacity of authors to judge their own productions. *Sherlock Holmes* is the one book of the kind among the many published of recent years which will live with Edgar Allan Poe's *Tales* and the *Woman in White*. There is no price that magazine proprietors would not be willing to pay to any one who would write another.

To turn to another department of literature. There is a great opportunity for medical men who can write. People are now keenly interested in their health, and that not in an unwholesome way. They have come to understand at last how much the value of their life work depends on their carefully observing the laws of health, and in consequence the average term of life has not only been prolonged, but rendered happier and more useful while it lasts. The standard of medical education has been considerably raised, and research in every department goes forward vigorously. But there is no great doctor to act as an interpreter between the profession and the general public. There is no one, in short, to carry on the work of Dr. John Brown. It would not be easy to find a man of Dr. Brown's genius and accomplishments, but it is surprising that there is apparently no one who can speak with authority and at the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same time clearly and simply, and who can help those who are suffering under troubles of the body and the mind. People are endlessly interested in the conduct of life, as eager as ever to learn the experience of others and to profit by it. But is there no successor to Arthur Helps and Philip Gilbert Hamerton? I do not know of one. The ideal writer on the conduct of life nowadays when the connection between body and mind is so much better understood, would be a physician of large experience, assured convictions, wide sympathies, and, above all, a command of lucid and pleasing English.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, February 25, 1895.

NEW BOOKS.

SAINTSBURY'S "CORRECTED IMPRESSIONS."*

A common complaint nowadays is that in this age Literature is out of favour, not as compared with the other arts, but as compared with Business. Our age is practical, utilitarian, and material. Those thinkers and writers, therefore, who are occupied with the things of the mind are teachers who should have a wide recognition. Such a one is Mr. George Saintsbury in the volume before us. This accomplished and erudite man has set himself in this work a task somewhat different from any he has attempted hitherto. The plan of it was suggested by some remarks of Mr. Arthur Balfour at the Literary Fund dinner of 1893 in London. In that speech Mr. Balfour declared himself to have been brought up on the recent admirations, and intimated that he was not in such complete sympathy with the most popular favourites of the earlier Victorian period as he should like to be. It has occurred to Mr. Saintsbury that he might produce an acceptable contribution to literary discussion by going back over the last thirty years, and describing the impressions which have been successively made upon his own mind by the contemporary English authors he has been reading during that period. The result is the present volume. The essays are upon Thackeray, Tennyson, Carlyle, Swinburne, Macaulay, Browning, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot and Trollope, and William Morris and Ruskin. As the object of these sketches is to show "how it struck a contemporary," Mr. Saintsbury's own personal impressions and experiences are given somewhat fully, and this quality no doubt adds interest to the volume.

It may not be impertinent and trivial to remark that Mr. Saintsbury's experiences, like those of many another English literary man, have a connection with the public parks of London. It was, for instance, under the following circumstances that he first read *Pendennis*.

"I took it, I remember very well after thirty years, out of a certain school library, and I read it, or began to read it (an exceedingly reprehensible practice) on my way home, which lay through Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. If any of the persons into whose arms I walked are still alive, I humbly ask their pardon. Even if they had not now mostly been changed long ago for others, it would be superfluous to extend forgiveness to the Park seats, which avenged these innocents on my own knees."

He tells us also that his enrolment among the sacred band of the lovers of Tennyson dates from the day "when I turned through the Marble Arch into Hyde Park and took *Enoch Arden* out of my pocket on that summer day." The essay on Tennyson strikes us as one of the best. Mr. Saintsbury intimates that it is possible he may have been born somewhat too late to be a thorough-going appreciator of Tennyson's poetry. Mr. Balfour said at the Literary Fund dinner that he may have been born at too late a day to admire as he should the verse of Tennyson and the prose of Carlyle. That would have been the view which Mr. Balfour's elders would probably have taken. We have heard Mr. Lowell say that no man could appreciate the "real sweep" of

* Corrected Impressions. By George Saintsbury. With portrait in photogravure. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carlyle who could not remember the thirties. We should imagine that the period at which Tennyson was read with the greatest passion was the forties and the early fifties. Mr. Saintsbury tells us that he is three years older than Mr. Balfour. He was, therefore, somewhat too late for this period. But he was very little too late. People whose Tennysonian period fell in the early sixties well remember how they read,

> "The splendour falls on castle walls,
> And snowy summits old in story."

To them, as to their predecessors of a decade earlier, he appeared the perfect poet. His manner, which we now see to be, although so great, so individual and peculiar, to those young people appeared the truest and the perfect manner. Mr. Saintsbury was very soon inoculated with some of this sentiment. He finds, as most of us do, the real charm and distinction of Tennyson to exist especially in the early poems, although claiming that this charm reappears in subsequent works down to the very period of "Crossing the Bar," Mr. Saintsbury has some happy remarks to make about the special quality of Tennyson. He finds it to be in the slow melodiousness of his verse. He says:

"I am sure at least that I myself read Tennyson and liked him (for I always liked him) for several years before his peculiar and divine virtue dawned upon me. It has never set or paled since, and I am as sure as I can be that if I were to live to be a Struldbrug (which Heaven forbid), one of the very last things of the kind that I should forget or lose my relish for would be this."

We turn with especial interest to read Mr. Saintsbury upon Swinburne. Mr. Saintsbury was at Oxford in the sixties, and is able to give us his recollections of the impression which Swinburne's poetry and personality made there at that day. He had just gone up to Oxford, when the *Poems and Ballads* came out, and had to make a visit to London to get the book, coming back with three copies of the precious volume. Mr. Saintsbury says:

"I do not suppose that anybody now alive (I speak of lovers of poetry) who was not alive in 1832 and old enough then to enjoy the first perfect work of Tennyson, has had such a sensation as that which was experienced in the autumn of 1866 by readers of Mr. Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*."

There was this difference, however, between the Tennyson of 1832 and the Swinburne of 1866. In 1832 Tennyson was known only to a very small circle of admirers. He had yet to undergo the castigation at the hands of Lockhart, and a long period of silence was to precede the day when he should enter upon the fulness of his fame. This was not to be till ten years later. But in 1866 Mr. Swinburne's name was on everybody's tongue, and such verses as "Between the Sundown and the Sea" in everybody's ear. Yet at no time, of course, has he ever had the hold upon the public consideration of the great genius and character to whom we owe the 'Idylls of the King.'"

We should be glad to have space to follow Mr. Saintsbury in the other chapters of this volume, which are as full of entertainment as those upon Thackeray, Tennyson, and Swinburne. He is, as a rule, a kindly and appreciative writer, although in certain instances his admiration is subject to many qualifications, as in the case of Matthew Arnold and Trollope.

We like his title, *Corrected Impressions*. Opinions upon literature, like those upon other subjects, are all the better for having matured and become mellow with ripening age. Mr. Saintsbury is as entertaining as he is erudite in his literary criticisms, and he is a man of nice taste and discernment as well as of acquisition and wide reading. Even when the reader may not find that his own views agree with those of Mr. Saintsbury, he is nevertheless sure to be stimulated by contact with a mind so full of literary knowledge and of such lively literary sympathies. The volume is a beautiful piece of book-making.

E. S. Nadal.

LATIN POETRY.*

The lectures delivered by Professor Tyrrell at Baltimore, and in part repeated by him at Richmond, Chicago, and New York in the spring of 1893, are

* Latin Poetry. Lectures delivered in 1893 on the Percy Trumbull Memorial Foundation in the Johns Hopkins University. By R. Y. Tyrrell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

here reprinted with some few omissions (chiefly passages of a personal nature, addressed to his audiences) and augmented by some paragraphs relating to Petronius and by an appendix which contains some very acute criticisms on the recent translators of Vergil. With these exceptions the lectures are published as they were originally delivered.

Professor Tyrrell is the Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin, and he is, besides, the author of valuable commentaries on certain plays of Euripides; yet his most important work, the great edition of Cicero's correspondence, and his Plautine studies, show that Latin is probably nearer to his heart. The present volume, so sympathetic, so critical in the truer sense of that much-misinterpreted word, and so clearly the result of unceasing labour in a thoroughly congenial field, gives another proof of the same unacknowledged preference.

The lectures themselves, apart from their immediate interest to the lovers of Latin literature and of literature in general, may well commend themselves to those who like to study the manifestations of what may be called comparative scholarship—that is to say, the comparison of different types of scholarship. Here is seen the very best possible example of that elegance and æsthetic appreciation that characterise the classical learning of England, blended with a grace and geniality and wit that belong to the Celtic mind, and which connect Professor Tyrrell in a literary relationship with the classicists of France—with Martha, Boissier, and Patin, to whom Professor Tyrrell acknowledges his own obligations. A certain audacity in his judgments suggests also the point of view of M. Goumy.

The plan adopted in this charming volume is to present the most interesting features of Latin poetry, and to express the personal opinion of the author. Professor Tyrrell says very frankly that he does not expect to gain the assent of his readers to many of these opinions, but hopes "to stimulate the play of consciousness on important and fascinating topics, even though it should take the form of criticism." This is a form that it will most assuredly take with regard to a number of his dicta, of which three stand out as especially noticeable.

The first is his view of Cicero's poetical compositions, in dealing with which Professor Tyrrell sets himself in opposition not only to the great body of modern critics, but to the practically unanimous verdict of Cicero's own countrymen—a verdict that finds expression in the gibes of Juvenal and Martial and in the serious criticism of the prose writers, though Plutarch, a Greek, styled him not merely the greatest orator but the greatest poet of the Romans. Professor Tyrrell's able defence of Cicero's verse of which, unfortunately, so little has been preserved, is entitled to a respectful consideration, coming as it does from one who is himself a past master of Latin versification; and it gives, indeed, a view that has much to commend it. Without sharing in the extravagant opinion of Plutarch, it is unreasonable to assert that a consummate artist in language such as Cicero was, a maker and shaper of Latin usage, and one whose prose, as compared, for instance, with Cæsar's, is all aglow with poetical colour, should, in writing verse, descend to the level of mere doggerel, and make himself ridiculous. Even the stock line, which excited Juvenal's mirth by its mingled egotism and assonance, and the other line, which Cicero himself quotes with a certain hesitation, are not, in Professor Tyrrell's judgment, censurable; and the numerous translations by Cicero from the Greek poets that are sprinkled through the pages of his prose works are justly brought forward as proofs of a splendid and vigorous poetic style. It is odd that his defender does not clinch his argument by appealing to the nobly picturesque passages that abound in Cicero's *Aratea*, some of which have a magnificence approaching the finest lines of Lucretius or of Vergil, yet which Professor Tyrrell barely mentions.

There is certain to be a very general dissent from his most heterodox teachings as to Horace. Briefly summarised, Dr. Tyrrell's opinion is that Horace was an amiable writer of *vers de société*, with a gift of musical language, but destitute of real inspiration; one who wrote verse because he was poor and needed friends and patronage; who was thoroughly insincere; whose love of nature was assumed; and who perpetually sins against the canons of good taste. In his Satires he is held up to scorn as a mere modern-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

iser and revamper of Lucilius. Now, to discuss these points at length is impossible within the limits of a book review; but as Horace is the most read of all the ancient authors, Greek or Latin, a few words may be permitted. The consideration of a single one of Tyrrell's criticisms involves the validity of several of his assertions. The famous Second Epode, in which Alfius the usurer dwells with a yearning fondness upon the sweet simplicity of a country life, and then with a sigh goes back to his money-grubbing, is put forward by Dr. Tyrrell as "a clear proof of the poet's insensibility to those pleasures," and he calls it "an elaborate piece of ridicule, directed against those who were then prone to become ecstatic about the country." But does it not rather involve a most subtle comprehension of the human heart, and of the great truth that only in those who have shut themselves out from all that is sweet and noble and refined can the most heart-piercing desire for sweetness and nobility and refinement be found in its fullest intensity? It is the lost souls groping in the blackness of darkness to whose minds the splendour of Paradise blazes brightest. And hence it is that the most passionate cry of religious longing in our own times has come from Paul Verlaine in the interval between two of his wallowings in swinish debauchery. Professor Tyrrell might well recall the tremendous line of Persius, *Virtutem videant intabescantque relicta.*

As to Professor Tyrrell's Lucilian hypothesis, scholars have long been familiar with his views from his earlier publications. Like the Neronian hypothesis in Persius and also in Petronius, such a view seems to have a fascination for those who once take it up until they finally go mad over it. Let it be granted that Horace modelled his Satires upon those of Lucilius—a natural thing for him to do, since Lucilius had created Satire, and was its great exemplar; but this does not prevent us from still viewing the work of Horace as essentially original. Persius shows as many borrowings from Horace as Horace does from Lucilius, and yet the whole motive and treatment of the Satires of Persius are utterly unlike those in Horace. Juvenal, again, has many lines that recall Persius, yet he is a satirist of a distinctly different type. Should we not rather hold that Satire, being a thing of Roman creation, acquired a certain conventional form and a vocabulary which all satirists largely employed, yet without in any way cramping the individuality of their own treatment? As to the lack of taste that Professor Tyrrell accurately detects here and there in Horace, is it in reality Horatian, or is it Roman? A careful reading of Latin literature will, we think, absolve Horace from sinning in this respect more than his countrymen, whose æsthetic standards certainly lacked much of the refinement of modern times. In Vergil (Professor Tyrrell still writes the name Virgil) there is no lack of passages that offend our nicety of taste; and the author himself (p. 153) cites certain scenes and incidents that disgust the modern reader.

The opinions so far quoted from the lectures, in the main relate to matters of taste, as to which it is proverbially dangerous to be dogmatic; but Professor Tyrrell has laid himself open to criticism by another dictum, where the question involved is one of fact. One of the additions which this volume makes to the original text of the lectures is, as noticed above, the inclusion of several pages on Petronius. Just why these should have been added in a work dealing with Latin poetry it is hard to see. Petronius, to be sure, wrote some poetry; but Professor Tyrrell here deals with him almost entirely as a prose writer, translating a long passage from the *Cena Trimalchionis*. The truth probably is that this was added because the author thought it a popular sort of thing, with its specimens of plebeian Latin and Roman slang, and so dragged it in by the head and shoulders under cover of a mention of Petronius's verse. It is wholly an excrescence, and its introduction is doubly unfortunate, since it led Professor Tyrrell to make the following remark:

> "Broadly, the Latinity is on the verge of Low Latin, a fact which must be insisted on because the purity of the Petronian Latinity has often been praised. Even Lipsius has styled Petronius epigrammatically, but surely erroneously, *Auctor purissimæ impuritatis.*"

To find such a judgment as this put forth by a Latinist of Professor Tyrrell's almost unrivalled eminence fairly takes one's breath away. Has he really read Petronius? And, if so, can he lay his finger on any plebeian Latin contained in the *Satira* other than that put by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Petronius into the mouths of his characters who are drawn to the life, down to the very slang they talk? And if Professor Tyrrell were writing the *Satira* over, what sort of Latin would he have the slaves and freedmen and semi-Greeks of Campania talk? Ought they to speak as Cæsar spoke, or as Cicero? And would Professor Tyrrell rank Thackeray among those ignorant of good English because, for example, the great Mr. Morgan informs Major Pendennis that he is "in possussion of certing infumation," or because Mr. Morgan's *protégé* asks for his "candig apinium," or because of the delicious Phaynix Pork locutions of the immortal Captain Costigan?

There is great need at the present time of a general history of Latin literature written from the standpoint of comparative literary study; one that shall explain the historical relation of Roman letters to modern prose and verse. The present volume leads one to hope that Professor Tyrrell may at some time be induced to undertake the task—a task most congenial to his temperament, and for which no one has a riper and more perfect preparation. His mind is richly stored with the lore of Rome; he has a most sympathetic and genial literary style; and his writing abounds in those happy touches and bits of illustration that are so necessary to put the modern reader in touch with one who treats of such a theme. But before taking up this work, let him read Petronius once more!

H. T. Peck.

BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE.*

Mr. Walter Besant has not added to his reputation by the altitude of a chopine in publishing his novel *Beyond the Dreams of Avarice*, although it is a diverting book and cleverly conceived withal. But reputations are kittle cattle, and the novelist who is as justly "popular" and as uniformly prolific as Mr. Besant should not be expected to give us his best work every two years. Admirers can go on admiring when once they have the *flair* for a good thing, even though a critical sense is occasionally awakened, and one cannot alway proceed to mere indiscriminate adoring. Mr. Besant's pleasant and healthy, if somewhat *bourgeois* view of life, his affable style and utterly contemporary *milieu*, have given him as friendly a public as an author could well wish. When he was lately in America we welcomed him as more than a mere celebrity—he was a Cause; and we Americans, in our simple and republican delight in titles, are now zealously hoping that if the Queen fulfils her recent promise and establishes the literary order of merit of which Thackeray used to talk in that humorous suggestion which Disraeli never could appreciate, that Mr. Besant will be the very first Knight Grand Cross.

In the present novel we find Mr. Besant labouring to complete his 336 pages, though author never had a better central idea for a story. His muse seems to be forever driving him to vain repetition. We can hear him crying out to her "*Infandum, regina, iubes renovare dolorem*" with all the pathos of Partridge in *Tom Jones*, for he can but know that his volume progresses much more rapidly than does his story. We are introduced to the megalomania arising out of the advertisement for heirs of a vast estate, the sixty millions accumulated by an intestate miser. The book opens rapidly, and with enchained attention we meet the claimants as they come forward, each in turn. Some are from New Zealand, a distinguished family of colonials. From Tewksbury, Mass., a town where "the girls take all the places, berths, and appointments, and do all the work at half the pay; wherefore the men—the few men who are born in this town—go away West, and the women, thus achieving their independence, are happy," comes, naturally enough, an American girl. There is a young gentleman who follows that interesting if anomalous profession of "Amuser," and, like his kind, goes to great houses either on a visit or for the evening, and is treated as a guest but is paid as a professional—a professional "Amuser;" and there is a diabolical old woman out of an almshouse, who remembers all the scandal and crime and wretchedness which make all these people kin, and bring them together from the far parts of the earth, and who is as implacable in rehearsing it all whenever occasion offers as a Greek chorus moralising on the hereditary sins of the protagonist.

Mr. Besant is vastly entertaining in

* Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Walter Besant. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his characterisation of all these people, and in suggesting his plot. He tells with an easily enthralling art of the excitement created throughout all the world by this vast unowned fortune, of the curious and elaborately criminal history of the family which had amassed it, of the furnishing of pedigrees to find a kinship through which a claim might be advanced, and of many things which readily might and which have actually happened under similar circumstances, and of which the Tichborne case is an example in common knowledge. For one hundred pages the book goes with a rush in Mr. Besant's happiest manner, but after that, as we have said, it drags. Not even the picture of the gentlemanly genealogist, who can—and does—link any family to a royal line for a consideration, as Professor of Family Ascents, and who considers it a great advantage to start unhampered by facts, or the comic songmonger, who thinks in verse and regards life as a subject too great for prose, like Mr. Bayes in the play, can altogether redeem the greater part of the book from (it must be said) dulness.

The *dénouement* of the story is the discovery of the lost will, with its provisions so exactly within the lines of the will of the late Samuel J. Tilden, for which New York must ever lament the intricacies of the law, that we cannot help wondering at the complacent way in which all the claimants sat down and accepted it. But when all is said, here is a book by Walter Besant, and we have all owed much real pleasure to Mr. Besant in the past. It would seem to be ungracious to cavil now, even if many better books than this were now published, which is decidedly not the fact.

It may be noted, in conclusion, that Mr. Hyde's drawings for the illustrations do not enhance our pleasure, as, for example, the frontispiece, wherein a butler is represented as presenting a dish to the colonial claimant's lady *on her right hand*. Surely butlers do not do that, even in New Zealand.

Fairfax Harrison.

THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.*

Professor Paulsen's account of the history and character of the German universities, as originally printed, formed the introductory part of the work, *Die deutschen Universitäten*, published under the direction of the German Government as an accompaniment to its educational exhibit at Chicago in 1893. The present book is an admirable translation of Paulsen's work by Professor Edward D. Perry, who has made it still more comprehensible to English readers by explanatory foot-notes. It is prefaced by an introduction by Professor Nicholas Murray Butler on the relation of the German universities to the problems of higher education in the United States. The work is by far the most systematic and intelligible account of the development of the German university, of its external relations, and of its internal conditions as a whole that has yet been written. There is an abundance of detailed material already at hand in the histories of the different universities, and in monographs, magazine articles, and addresses, from Schleiermacher and Savigny down, on the separate phases of the German system, which is often described much more in detail than is here possible. The present book gives us, however, not only a well-rounded view of the whole, but one that perfectly preserves the proportions of the parts. Those of us who have learned intimately, on the ground, the interior workings of the German university, must be struck both by the perspicacity and the fairness of statement. It is possible from the author's descriptions to learn not only what the German university is, but, what is of equal importance, what it is not.

The author in his first chapter discusses the general character of the German university. The principle of the union of scientific investigation and scientific teaching he finds to be inherently German; it is characteristic neither of England nor of France. The university "is at once the workshop of scientific research, and an institution for the highest scientific instruction." As a matter of fact, the German universities are the principal seats of scientific work in the country, and all university teachers are presumably scientific investigators. Paulsen justly sees a most fortunate condition in the fact that the great men

* The German Universities. Their Character and Historical Development. By Friedrich Paulsen. Authorized Translation by Edward Delavan Perry. With an Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. $2.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of science have always been as well the teachers of the academic youth. "The German youth," he says, "coming into immediate contact at the university with the spiritual leaders of the nation, receives here his strongest and most lasting impulses."

The historical development of the universities in Germany is traced from the earliest foundations in Prague and Vienna, in 1348 and 1365, to the present time. As worked out under the influence of Humanism and the Reformation, it is divided into three periods: the period, to the end of the seventeenth century, of denominational universities controlled by the established churches of the several States; the period, covering the eighteenth century, of the invasion of the universities by modern philosophy and culture; the period, coincident with the nineteenth century, of the greatest influence of the universities on the thought and life of the nation. The theological faculty was, naturally, in the first period the most prominent; in the second, the philosophical faculty and the faculty of law acquired an increasing importance; in the last, the present period, the philosophical faculty stands plainly in the foreground. The succeeding chapters of the book consider the relations of the universities in turn to the State, the Church, and the community; teachers, and teaching in all its phases; students, and the pursuit of study; and, lastly, the unity of the university. In this last chapter the thesis is maintained of the superiority in importance and dignity of the unified university, with the faculty of philosophy as its centre, to the isolated faculties. "The unified university, by its very organisation, holds constantly before the eyes of all its members the unity of science." The intimate relations, too, between the faculties are not less important for the student than for the instructor. "Few German students leave a university without having heard some courses of lectures, or at least visited them now and then, outside of their own faculty." "The unity of university training," says the author, finally, "helps largely to inspire, in the classes who have enjoyed it, a feeling of unity and solidarity, a feeling that they form an aristocracy of intellect which is destined to counterbalance the aristocracy of birth and of money."

Paulsen's book, and this is, of course, the real *raison d'être* of the English version, furnishes most valuable material for comparison with American conditions. Professor Butler in his brief introduction, which forms by no means the least valuable part of the book, makes use of it in this way to indicate the position of the German university in our own problem of the higher education. Of one hundred and thirty-four universities, so called, in the United States, according to the *Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1890–91*, Professor von Holst has pointed out that there is not as yet a single university in the German sense of the word. While it would require a spirit particularly chivalrous to attempt a defence of the integrity of the whole one hundred and thirty-four, it still remains a fact that it is neither an essential nor even a desirable thing that there should ever be in America a single university in the German sense. The American university, where the term is legitimately applied, is not the German university, and there should be no desire to make it so; until our social life and institutions coincide with those of Germany, it can never with profit nor permanence be made to conform to the details of organisation of its foreign counterpart. Although the German system has rightly been our acknowledged model because of its undoubted excellencies, the American university, through the force of circumstances of development and environment, is working out a characteristic form on lines in many ways its own. There are, however, pitfalls to be avoided, as insidious as they are dangerous to the ultimate efficiency of an organisation that, when all is said, must still be regarded as unsystematic and in many ways purely experimental. It is a most evident fact that our whole educational system is in a condition of violent transition. In the face of such conditions it would be worse than folly to deny the supreme importance of the lesson that may be learned by a reference to the history of the highest education of that nation "whose scientific leadership," according to a remark quoted by Paulsen from a monograph by Ferdinand Lot, a Frenchman, "in all fields without exception is nowadays acknowledged by all nations."

Professor Paulsen has written his book

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as the exposition of a system, but with primarily scarcely a sense of making foreign propaganda for the German system of higher education. That, however, now that we have it in translation, must be its actual result. There is in it not only abundant food for reflection for the professional educator and the student of institutions, but for every one who has at heart the proper unfolding of the intellectual life of the nation.

W. H. C.

SLUM STORIES.*

For one thing, if for no other, these two volumes of short stories are remarkable; they have dared to overleap the "barbed-wire fence" which separates the nice people of our literary Vanity Fair from the low life of the great Unwashed, and to draw on the slums for their material. Not even the captious critic of the "low" and "vulgar" can fail to find these sketches full of colour and picturesque effects. The admirable vigour of their descriptive quality is unspoiled by melodramatic rant or wearisome detail. Both writers have brought to their work a keen, observant faculty, a vivid power of characterisation, a fine sense of humour, and an appreciable understanding of the life they have depicted, which an admirable facility of diction has enabled them to render with graphic fidelity. But here the analogy stops. A writer's point of view determines to a great extent the literary result of his observation of life. It is only fair to state that the contrast between these two volumes begins when the individuality of the author steps in. One has an eye for the grotesque, the comic, the burlesque; while the other is attracted by the shadows and the ugly penalties of dirt and sin as much as by the accidental lights and humours of human nature in the grip of vicious surroundings. One views life in part and provokes a light-hearted mirth which, with no deeper feeling underlying it, is evanescent; the other sees life as a whole, and brings into play some of our deepest emotions, and leaves an enduring impression. Further, we begin to recognise that betwixt *Chimmie Fadden* and *Slum Stories of London* there flows the Rubicon which keeps the shores of journalism and literature forever apart.

Life as a reporter sees it and pourtrays it is a thing of shreds and patches, and though faithful to the mere facts of life, he errs in exaggerating details out of all proportion to their true perspective. The author of *Chimmie Fadden* is a working journalist who has been through the grinding-mill of newspaper work, and his varied experiences have provided him with ample material for his eclectic faculty to work upon in giving these sketches to an appreciative public. "The New Editor," for example (now published for the first time), is a veritable account of his adventure in that exciting *rôle* in a backwoods village. Out of such material it is possible to weave romance; but Mr. Townsend has been content to give the bare facts and to trust to the simple narration of their extraordinary occurrence for any startling effect they may make on the reader. If we were to philosophise about his method we should say that he does not go deep enough nor far enough; but this is foreign to his purpose, and it would be unfair to judge him by what he has not done. Mr. Townsend does not go beneath the surface; he has a keen scent for eccentricity and caricature as they strike lightly on his nimble wit and fancy, but there is no deep-resounding note of pathos or of tragedy such as we meet with in Mr. Nevinson's *Slum Stories*. Chimmie Fadden is, indeed, in his way "crackristic," and something more than merriment stirs strangely within us when he relates Miss Fanny's little act of kindness. "She didn't say nothin' t'me, but she shook hands wid me. I was glad she did dat. I never touched her hand before." Also when homesickness overcomes the lad of the slums in the country at the thought of the Bowery. "Dat's de trouble wid everyting what's far from de Bow'ry; it ain't near it." Chimmie is an irrepressible pagan, and in this *rara avis* Mr. Townsend has gone beyond mere portraiture—even if it be a caricature, it is an inimitable creation. All these sketches which describe Chimmie when he "useter sell poipers on Park Row;" as "walley to 'is Whiskers what's Miss Fanny's father;" as the chivalrous defender of

* Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and other Stories. By Edward W. Townsend. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Slum Stories of London (Neighbours of Ours). By Henry W. Nevinson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Fanny, who is "a torrowbred, and what she says goes;" on through the comic vicissitudes of his courtship and marriage with the "Duchess," Miss Fanny's maid, are full of irresistible humour and provoking mirth. Chimmie on the stump in his moment of triumph is a *tour de force* of side-splitting burlesque. It is in these stories the writer lays claim to any originality he has: Major Max is clever, but not convincing; we have met him before somewhere. Major Max is the scum as Chimmie is the sediment produced by the same sort of life, a life that is gay and careless and without thought or meaning. Nothing in these stories is of unalloyed excellence except the fun, which is more witty than humorous in Major Max, but more humorous than witty in Chimmie Fadden, and therefore more genuine and contagious.

Something more than the skill of a clever journalist has gone to the making of *Slum Stories of London*. While in *Chimmie Fadden* you remain an amused spectator, in *Slum Stories* you are being constantly brought to feel the burden of the mystery of poverty and vice that hangs over the mean, sordid lives passed in Mile End and Shadwell. Mr. Nevinson has that simple power of telling a story of every-day occurrence which even as he tells it stirs in your blood and imparts that touch of wonder, or of thrill, as the author of *Marcella* would say, which transforms the ordinary into the extraordinary. The material is sometimes still crude when it leaves his hands, and the realistic force of some of his scenes has a terrible poignancy of humour, as, for instance, in "A Man of Genius." "My pore 'usband, why, 'e ain't 'ardly to be called a man," says Amy, "'avin' nothink only a genius and a wooden leg." Sam comes home late one night with "a bit o' drink on 'im." "Next minute Sam's wooden leg 'ad carried away the lock, and 'e was in the room ragin' about like a quodded explosion . . . and yer could 'ear the clo's shriek as 'e pulled 'em in 'alves bit by bit."

"That's all right," says the woman from the floor above, "'e ain't only breakin' up the things. That's a mercy for 'er. 'E's got a good 'eart, same as my own man, as 'ud break all the bits o' things in the 'ouse sooner nor lay a bloomin' finger on me. It's a blessin' to 'ave a man with a good 'eart." And when Amy is rescued from her attempted suicide in the Thames with insurance coupons stuck about her person, which in her ignorant, misleading affection she had believed would be dowered on her brute of a husband, and she is brought home to Sam and the accident is explained to him, "'Oh!' 'e says, still with 'is eye on the Invention. 'Accident? Really? Yer see, Jacko, it's almost finished now. Money's all I want. With a bare 'undred I'd make it fit for 'eaven!'" The picture of the sordid, heartless selfishness of the man who is wrapped up in the absurd musical Invention which he plies at night and day, except when he goes off on a holiday with Beamin' Nelly, is softened and relieved by the patient figure of the woman who with doglike fidelity believes in her husband, and counts herself better than her neighbours because "'e 'as genius and is interestin'." But the ghastliness of the humour of this sketch, though true to life in all its bitterness and irony, cannot be gainsaid, and bites like acid.

While the work of selection has not been always rigorously done, there are some of these *Slum Stories* which could not be better, and show the hand of a master. There is a rare self-restraint and reserve power in the author lying behind the spokesman of these tales, the ubiquitous coster, Jacko Britton. "Little Scotty," though somewhat irrelevant in this collection, we are almost tempted to say is a masterpiece, and the tragic story of "The 'St. George' of Rochester" demonstrates that Mr. Nevinson is capable of covering a wider canvas and of more sustained effort in fiction. For sheer humour nothing could be better than "Mrs. Simon's Baby;" as "An Aristocrat of Labour" is, on the other hand, the most touching. "In the Spring" is a beautiful idyll, told with a poetic simplicity almost Wordsworthian. Old Groun'sel has been "had up" before the magistrate for an alleged attempt at burglary in the house of Mary Whitmore, "widder, three times married and left comfortable." In his defence the simple-minded old man—"a 'armless lunatic"—says, "I was in the forest yesterday evenin' gatherin' up my plants, and on a sudden there comes over me the smell o' the May, layin' thick like a sweet-smellin' mist, the air bein' still and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

warm. All smells is good for the memory, but there ain't no smell in the world so good for it as the smell of the May. So I says to myself, 'Every time as you smell that there May, you kind o' seem to go back to that Whitsun with Mary, as then was. Now, it bein' like that with you, ain't it likely enough as she'd go back after the same manner? If she got a smell o' the May, p'r'aps she'd call you to mind, for all you bein' a bit older nor what you was then.'" But Mary was not amenable to May blossom, and she resents the reference to her early love-makin', "me a widder of three 'usbands as 'as always kep' 'erself respectable." The case is dismissed, and next morning old Groun'sel is found "layin' quite dead, curled up as if fast asleep in a cart under one o' the railway arches."

Both volumes show that the authors have gone to the fountain-head and have discovered for themselves new scenes and characters in the territory they have explored; and, moreover, in these revelations of a condition of human life that is so near and yet so far removed from ours, they have sternly recalled to us the fact that in their blood and bones these "low" people are "neighbours of ours," and are of like passions with ourselves. It has been asked whether the enduring novel of New York or London of the future will take this form of art, and one of these authors at least has gone far to decide the problem in the affirmative.

J. M.

DEAN CHURCH.*

This is an admirable and most interesting biography. Dean Church, although he had strong views, and never shrank from expressing them, had no enemies, and one might almost say no critics. The notes of moral beauty in his character were so unmistakable that he conciliated men of all opinions. Besides, his sympathies and his culture were unusually wide. Perhaps he was the only great Tractarian who was a student of science. He never professed to be an expert, but he watched with keen and critical interest the developments of knowledge. Dr. Church's long intimacy and correspondence with Dr. Asa Grey were equally honourable to both, and we have heard that at one time he took a course of Anatomy at Oxford under Sir Henry Acland. When *The Origin of Species* appeared, Church at once recognised its great significance. When one remembers how Samuel Wilberforce criticised the book in the *Quarterly Review*, it becomes easier to give Church the credit he deserves.

It was, however, as a humanist that Church was best known to the general public. No more ardent and accomplished student of literature has adorned the English Church. His essay on Dante, written so long ago, is not yet by any means superseded, and his studies of Spenser and Bacon are distinguished in quality, although neither is implicitly to be relied upon. But the greatest and the best part of Dean Church's writing is buried in the files of the *Guardian* and the *Saturday Review*. It is the one defect of Miss Church's beautiful biography that she gives too little prominence to the literary side of her father's work. He was *par excellence* a journalist, and his style is seen at its best in the thoughtful and polished essays which he contributed so often to certain weekly papers. Perhaps he touched his highest point when he was dealing with subjects midway between literature and theology, but even as a theologian he was by no means to be despised. While never professing to be an expert, he only discussed such subjects as he understood, and he knew where to look for facts. There is no evidence that the great critical movement ever really touched him. Of German he seems to have read little, but with characteristic sagacity he perceived that the modern reconstruction of the Old Testament was neither to be pooh-poohed nor denounced. And while eminent clergymen who were his close friends were repeating the blunder of Bishop Wilberforce, Church ranged himself unhesitatingly with those who pleaded for faith and patience.

While Dean Church was one of the greatest leaders and ornaments of the High Church party, their most characteristic teachings hardly appeared in his writings at all. His sermons might be preached by religious men of every school. It would not be correct to say that he was a Broad Churchman. The great dogmas of supernaturalism were passionately believed and preached by

* The Life and Letters of Dean Church. Edited by Mary C. Church. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him, but most men who hold certain central dogmas firmly hold along with these many subsidiary dogmas. If they lose faith in the latter, they commonly find the main part of their faith greatly weakened. It was not so with Church; he was one of the men, very few in any age, who with unerring precision selected certain articles of faith by which he was content to live and die, leaving the debatable to be debated. His master through life was Newman, but there is much in his writings that Newman did not teach him.

W. R. N.

ESSAYS AND STUDIES.*

There are more points than one in Mr. Churton Collins which make him an interesting critic. In the first place, he knows his classics; and though it is not customary nowadays to endorse Dr. Folliott's iteration of "Greek, Greek, Greek," as the *unum necessarium*, if it is necessary anywhere it certainly is in criticism. He knows at least some parts of English literature very well, and is something of a specialist in Italian, an acquirement not so common as it used to be, and for that very reason specially useful to a critic of English in past days. Also Mr. Collins writes well and carefully, though rather hardly and with something of lack in ease, springiness, unction. But what makes him particularly interesting is his maintenance in full reality of a critical attitude which is now mostly a tradition. It is not exactly that Mr. Collins is more opinionated than other people; other critics would probably not have to go far from their own doors to find his equal, at least, in that respect. But his opinionatedness is of a kind which is not just now fashionable. Nowadays we are most of us rather apt to say, with more or less politeness, according to nature and education, "I give this as my opinion; it is only my opinion, of course, and has no other value; but, privately, I think any one but a fool will take that value as a gilt-edged security." The older fashion was not ostensibly to give the critic's personal warranty, but to assume that his opinion was that of the *orbis terrarum*, that there was no possibility of salvation outside of it, and that anybody who did not choose to accept it ought to be delivered over to the secular arm. Of these two attitudes (which of course the foregoing sentences designedly exaggerate and caricature) the latter, beyond all question, is that to which Mr. Churton Collins is most inclined. Thus, for instance, he speaks of "the wretched cant now so much in vogue about 'art for art's sake.'" Now, of course, you *may* cant about anything. But the doctrine of "art for art's sake" is neither more nor less cant, or liable to cant, than any other doctrine or position which admits of argument for and against, which is capable of being overstrained and misapplied, but which, rightly held and intelligently limited, contains, like most doctrines, its portion of truth. But it would not suit Mr. Collins to allow this. Indeed, in his way of criticism, there are very few allowances, provisos, or guards. He is entirely free from that malady of "thinking what the other fellow will say" which we have heard charged against critics of a stamp different from his, even when they had the repute of being tolerably sure of themselves. And, indeed, if you have made up your mind that "the other fellow" is a wretched canter, why bother yourself about him?

Of this method or attitude the essays given in the present volume (with the exception of the very agreeable paper on "Menander" with which it concludes, and which is rather a *compte rendu* than a controversial or dogmatic discourse) give excellent examples, sometimes charged less, sometimes more, with the main peculiarity. The opening paper, that on "Dryden," is one of the best. When it appeared, now a good many years ago, everybody who knew anything about the subject recognised it as an admirable piece of work of its kind. It has indeed both the merits and the defects of Mr. Collins's special model, Macaulay, who, though he has been sometimes more closely imitated in mere tricks of style, has never had so faithful a follower in spirit and in the whole scheme of essay-procedure. There are the carefully arranged lists of names and dates, the little excursions or episodes of reading or allusion, the set-pieces at intervals. There is, too—and this seems to us, as far as purely literary criticism is concerned, one of Mr. Collins's least admirable parts or points—the trick of

* Essays and Studies. By John Churton Collins. New York: Macmillan & Co. $3.00 *net*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

depreciation in order to enhance, of stepping back in order to make a spring. But, on the whole, the article seems to us not merely one of the best things Mr. Collins has done, but one of the best on the subject; one certainly not to be missed by anybody who is studying that subject. For which reason its extraction, with some corrections, from the limbo of an old Review is much to be welcomed.

The next paper, on Mr. Symonds's *Predecessors of Shakespeare*, exhibits Mr. Collins's method, and his scholarship to Macaulay, at much greater disadvantage. The book criticised, though an interesting one, was of course vulnerable enough, exhibiting as it did its author's disorderliness of arrangement and his floridness of style at nearly their worst. But why bolt out of the course to make a desperate charge of six pages on the critical style, not of Mr. Symonds, but of Mr. Swinburne? And why, except in corrupt following of quarterly (not merely *Quarterly*) reviewers in general, and of Macaulay in particular, attack so violently a book and author which and who, after the first diatribe, are quietly put aside altogether in order that Mr. Collins may give his own sketch —and a very well-informed, if not always well-opinioned, sketch too—of the subject? There is to be observed, also, in this essay, as perhaps in some others, a fault to which this type of critic is specially liable—the fault of violently denouncing or magnificently pooh-poohing opinions which a little later, and with a very little change, the critic restates himself as the only true and catholic faith on the subject. Thus, here on p. 109, Mr. Collins speaks with scorn apparently too deep for words of some unnamed writer who "gravely compares Marlowe with Æschylus." It will occur to most people who know both their Æschylus and their Marlowe well that the poor wretch, whoever he was, might have done worse. But they will certainly rub their eyes when they come to Mr. Collins's own account of Marlowe, and find urged with much energy and eloquence his claim to most of those things which we recognise as Æschylean —"passages approaching as nearly to the style of the Greek masterpieces as anything to be found in English" (was this said "gravely"?) "delineations of the superhuman," and so forth. Mr. Symonds himself is chidden for laying too much stress on Marlowe's "Amour de l'Impossible." Mr. Collins is permitted to say practically the same thing in six sentences on p. 157 and in nine sentences on p. 158.

In the two other long essays—"Lord Chesterfield's Letters" and "The Porson of Shakespearian Criticism"—there being no intrusive entity to whom the critic has to say, "*Ote-toi, que je m'y mette*," Mr. Collins's method is again seen to better advantage. We do not, indeed, think that either the unfavourable view of Chesterfield or the unfavourable view of Theobald which he combats has been quite so universal as he seems to think. Pope's very Popian spite against Theobald has always been understood by people of any instruction; and we cannot believe that anybody who counts has ever been prejudiced against Chesterfield by Dickens's absurd and wooden caricature in Sir John Chester. But both essays are good examples of vigorous championship not undeserved, and the latter is a well-informed and well-arranged exposition of fact. Of the "Menander" we have already spoken.

It would perhaps be unfaithful to close this review of a very interesting and very typical, as well as learned and energetic, book of criticism without noting one or two slips into which the critic's method, as much as anything else, has led him. That method, as is well known, almost requires, and at least certainly induces, long, confident sweeps of generalisation, assertion, illustration, and parallel. But these are extremely dangerous things. Even Macaulay, with his wonderful reading and matchless memory, fell sometimes into the net that he spread; and Mr. Collins has not been more fortunate. For instance, he says, in an *obiter dictum* on Ronsard, "between 1630 and 1858 he was so completely ignored that, if we are not mistaken, during the whole of this period no edition of his poems was called for." Now, if *we* are not mistaken, there was an edition of *Œuvres Choisies* in 1840. But this does not matter much. For at least thirty years before 1858 Ronsard had been studied and ransacked for metrical models by the whole Romantic school of French poetry, which was then at its prime; and this is a very odd way of being "completely ignored." As for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another slip, it is one which we should think it illiberal to mention in a man who might possibly have committed it through ignorance of Greek. Mr. Collins writes of some error that "it may now be said to hold a conspicuous place among *pseudodoxia epidemica*." It is, of course, *not* possible that he can take *pseudodoxia* for a neuter plural instead of a feminine singular, or think that the common English short title "Vulgar Errors" is a translation of the Greek one. It is possible that he wrote *pseudodoxa* (though even this would be odd) and that the printer played him a trick; or the thing may be merely "one of the innumerable proofs of the temporary supremacy of the devil," of which all who write have had experience.

George Saintsbury.

NOVEL NOTES.

HIPPOLYTE AND GOLDEN BEAK. Two Stories. By George Bassett. New York: Harper and Bros. $1.25.

If any experienced taster of contemporaneous fiction, before seeing the title-page, were to read these two stories and were then to guess at their author's name, it would be impossible for him not to cry out "Norris!" The first tale is absolutely Norrisian; the second relatively so. And this is high praise; for the Norris suggested by them is the earlier and better Norris; the Norris of *Thirlby Hall* and *Matrimony*, and not the Norris of *The Countess Radna;* the delineator of character, and not the producer of pot-boilers. A contemplative Englishman of middle age, with a good deal of *insouciance* and the gift of saying things epigrammatically; a second Englishman of excessive insularity; various foreigners, male and female; and the Riviera for a background—these are the ingredients of some of the most characteristic novels of Mr. Norris. The style and manner are Norris himself. The likeness is perhaps less noticeable in the very curious story *Golden Beak*, in reading which we can forgive the improbability of the incidents in our delight at the verisimilitude of the characters who figure in them. It is, for example, too much to ask that we should accept as possible a Japanese cook, who follows an American girl all over the world, and finally strangles her on the bank of a quiet English river, within call of her friends, and by means of a bronze helmet whose construction the author does not make altogether clear. But this apart, Mr. Bassett draws his figures to the life. The nineteen-year old *divorcée* from San Francisco and her naïve chatter on the deck of a Pacific steamer are delicious. Her description of her friends in San Francisco is a masterpiece in its way. Listen to this of Charley Hart, the "society leader," who is in the insurance business, and leads the german everywhere:

"When a young lady first goes into society in San Francisco, if he isn't on her side she can't do anything at all. He is asked out to dine every night, and of course it all helps his business, because he is agent for both life and fire companies, and lots of people who are trying to get into society do their insuring through him. Well, everybody thinks he has such a lovely time, but he isn't so very happy after all. He is nearly forty now; and last fall he began to get so fat that it was awful for him to have to dance; so he had to go without eating lots of things he likes. . . . After the theatre we would go up on the car together to my flat and eat pickled limes and lady-fingers; that's about the only thing he can eat for supper."

Temehichi, the Japanese "boy," who was Mrs. Potwin's servant (Mrs. Potwin is the *divorcée*), and who was of noble family, took umbrage at Charley and his by no means sybaritic banquets. He loved Mrs. Potwin, and broke forth as follows:

"You see, Golden Beak, I sweep your floor, I clean the mat when dog-Charley wipes his feet—and you laugh. You laugh, all of you. You say, 'Oh, very clean; oh, very good boy.' When Charley-dog have dinner here, I spit in his soup. You think I am a broom; you think I am an iron to stir the fire with; but all the while I am a man, Golden Beak, and all the while you are a woman. And I love you, bad woman!"

Mr. Bassett is a most admirable story-teller, as strong in his way as Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and with a very keen eye to detail. Probably the one thing that he could not succeed in would be the pathetic, and this he wisely does

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not attempt. One curious and repeated blunder we notice—an occasional Americanism in the mouth of a Briton and an occasional Briticism in the mouth of an American. Thus Mrs. Potwin describes the sea as being "as calm as calm," which she could never have done in life, unless she had just risen from a perusal of Anthony Trollope; while the narrator of the story (supposed to be a typical Englishman) indulges in the adjective "shiftless," which he would never do unless he were fresh from the study of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. And do Americans really speak of a piebald horse as a "paint horse"?

THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND. A Story of the Wild Northwest. By John Mackie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 75 cents.

The insinuating part which this title and the frontispiece, "His Satanic Majesty making a move," will play in capturing a certain class of readers is easily foreseen. But alas! they will be doomed to disappointment. Although the game is played with the decalogic "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife," the partners are strictly withheld from dalliance by the conventional leash of conscience, and only for one brief moment does it seem as if the devil would win the stakes. It is the old and washy tale of a man and woman parted by lies and swept from each other to the nethermost parts of the globe only to meet again (after the woman has married another man in the interim) to find themselves still lovers, and lovers who rightfully belong to each other after all the blind, cruel years of misunderstanding on both sides. Dick Travers fills the *rôle* of the tragical cynic-in-ordinary, who has allowed a woman to spoil his prospects in life, to stereotyped perfection; and the sudden meeting with Chrissie, now Mrs. Tredennis, and their confinement in a cave during a three days' blizzard on the Devil's Playground, are drawn with due melodramatic effect. After her enforced imprisonment with Travers, Mrs. Tredennis returns with a conscience void of offence to make her husband happy in his way for the rest of their drab-coloured married life; and Dick, cured of his affection for Chrissie, falls comfortably in love with his beautiful nurse, who brings him riches as well as youth and beauty. Verily—so the moral runs—it pays to be good! The open advertisement of being good for the sake of the spoils is in glaring contrast to Emerson's statement that it is by the strength of its silent virtue mankind continues to exist at all. It is a fine conscience-story of cynic fortune, to be recommended by maiden aunts to the consideration of their young friends. Mr. Mackie brightens up the tame fiction by his fine descriptions of the Canadian prairies, Dick's splendid race against time and fire, and the fierce blizzard in the Bad Valley. But the pure enjoyment of these is spoiled by the constant dragging in of the story, which is the most artificial thing in the book, as his descriptions of nature are most free and unrestrained, and therefore most pleasing. The author is not even satisfied to let the actors play their virtuous parts as foreordained by him, but is continually garnishing his pages with the tags of moral commonplaces, and that with a strange incongruity sometimes, as, for example, when he says, "There is nothing like the touch of the devil in man or beast, after all; and a wise Providence helps those who help themselves." The gruesome title is superfluous, for the game is not worth the candle; it is the sinners that God or man or devil goes after, and not the righteous.

DISCORDS. By George Egerton. Keynotes Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

Discords is a collection of stories with a purpose—namely, to probe the surface of modern life and describe how its conditions affect women. Of the present evil "George Egerton" has a powerful and, we think, morbid impression in her mind. Her doorway to redemption is mistily seen, but to halting vision, in such complexities, no reproach can reasonably attach. The school of art by which her form and some of her spirit have plainly been modelled has taught her plain speaking. But it should be remembered by those who reproduce, say, French, or, as here, Scandinavian models in English, that the mere dictionary equivalents do not give the quantitative or qualitative result correctly. We may easily produce a cruel, brutal, and false effect when intent on a merely truthful one. And literal translation of inspiration, doctrine, or sentiment can end in a far worse travesty than literal translation of words. *Discords* is distinctly inferior to the author's *Keynotes*,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but of her ability, the force of conviction that underlies her work, there should be no hesitating recognition. The book stands head and shoulders above its class—a class, by the bye, to which the others here grouped with it do not belong. "George Egerton" can write with vigour, can describe with vividness. Not one story in the book has carried intellectual conviction to this reader's mind: not a sentence has suggested a doubt of the writer's sincerity. So strong a faith in her talent is perhaps the reason why critics may be uneasily eager not to leave her alone, but rather to reason with her on several points—notably on one. Whatever respect one may feel for her hot convictions on the wrongs of her sex is in danger of being undermined on every other page by an altogether unworthy habit of sentimentalising over her fellow-women. Let her burn, fight, plead for them, but leave the sentimentalising to men. When one woman talks to another in her stories, we feel nausea or amusement. Let the conversation between the girl who had dared, without any justification of strong passion, so far as can be seen, to be particularly selfish, and who took great credit to herself therefore, and her old schoolfellow, who had been driven to an unhappy marriage, serve as example. When the social outcast clasps the martyr to false respectability to her heart, and calls her "poor big woman," sympathy is dissolved in sniggering. One more thing: but very likely it is vain to remonstrate. *Keynotes* was a better book mainly because it contained fewer sermons. Preaching is the stumbling-block of women's career in art. That the Church is not manned by women is one of the many mistakes of the tyrant sex. George Sand preached, and so did George Eliot. By so much are their worth and glory less. So now "George Egerton," for pages and pages. The Brontës did not. Jane Austen did not. By so much are their worth and glory more. For the rest, the author of *Discords* and *Keynotes* is a woman of ability, with a passionate desire to make the lives of other women fuller and saner and happier by her pictures of life. Is it impertinence to suggest that she is on the wrong road, and that a sedative would be the best preparation for her next adventure? The exhibition of unstrung nerves will not do her work. In fiction, at least, her work will only be done surely, done without danger of hideous reaction, by those faculties unchanging in their potency through all the ages, imagination and humour.

A WOMAN OF IMPULSE. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. The Hudson Library. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Mr. McCarthy has been accused of producing another replica of a certain London legend which has already been attempted, for good or evil we say not, in Mr. Benson's *Dodo*. Indeed, the title of the English edition of this novel, *A London Legend*, is nearer the mark. Variety of sensation, spiced with incidents of every complexion from the antique and modern worlds, bristles throughout the book and exercises an excitation of nervous tissue not always healthy, but courted by sufferers from *ennui*. Brander Swift all of a sudden seemed to have grown old. The days of his youth were indeed eventful enough to have brought about this abnormal lapse into the sere and yellow leaf. A traveller in Europe, a student at a German university, an apostle of social reform, an authority on labour problems, the comrade of workingmen!—was not his book, the *Cry for Liberty*, one of the bibles of the Cordeliers' Club and the armoury of so many of the leaders and thinkers and speakers of the new movement?—little wonder that this phenomenal Vivian Greyish young man felt like an Atlas weighted down by insuperable burdens at three-and-twenty. But the face of a girl can change all that in the twinkling of an eye, and the *blasé* youth with the love potion circulating in his veins after a sight of his Marguerite, becomes young again to learn, Faust-like, the bitter but wholesome lesson that all work whatsoever without love at the heart of it is of no avail. Mr. McCarthy might have had Stevenson in mind when the latter says: "The first lesson of youth is to learn to the dregs our own ignoble fallibility," so inevitably does the undoing of Swift's doctrinaire theories follow in the track of his illuminating love. "Every man," says Budget, speaking of Swift, "makes some blunder early in life which he has to pass the rest of his existence in maintaining not to be a blunder. With most men this cross takes the form of marriage. With Swift

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is the *Cry for Liberty*." The "woman of impulse," who is a certain incarnation of the She of the London legend, has been bitten with the radical rabies of Swift's book, and out of this circumstance emanates the serio-comic issues of the loves of Swift and Candida *alias* Dorothy Carteret. One feels that the conception of the story, though clever, lacks vigour and coherency in the handling; the plot is a sort of joke, and several episodes quite unnecessarily are introduced to relieve its prolixity. Around the fates of the lovers twine the fictive verities: Greek art; Socialism; snake charming; a contested election; a mysterious Indian, who inhabits an old house in Camden Town full of snakes, and protected by a door with secret springs. The hero, a Socialist *littérateur*, and the heroine, an heiress of the realm, playing "As You Like It" with the hero in British Museum coquetry, common lodging-house *camaraderie* and Richmond Hill bohemianism are a pair of amusing lovers not to be met with every day. One thing to be truly thankful for is that in these days, when stories of whining pessimism multiply beyond number, *A Woman of Impulse* is as fresh and agreeable as life itself when it is most free and careless of aspect. Mr. McCarthy ought to avoid such smart affectations as "he hurried out to salute the afternoon," or "I am possessed of a spirit of quotation to-day, and talk in the tags of another's thought."

THE LONE INN. By Fergus Hume. Unknown Library. New York: Cassell Publishing Company. 50 cents.

The latest accession to the Unknown Library is from a well-known writer of "mystery" tales, which one and all show the same constructive hand at work, with a slight variation of detail in the evolution of plot and the analysis of crime. Of all the mysterious stories that Mr. Hume has written, *The Lone Inn* approaches more nearly the ironic play of circumstantial evidence and the baffling pursuit of the criminal object sustained until the climax is reached at the end, which gave *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* a notorious popularity. To be sure, the whole interest and interplay of conflicting evidence rests on a well-worn and hackneyed stage property: Felix and Francis Briarfield are twins, and a pair of Dromios whose close resemblance and mistaken identity lead to the tragedy of errors which emanate from the murder of one of the twins—which, Felix or Francis? is a conundrum—at the Lone Inn. The construction of the story is such as to beguile the ingenuous reader during the first half into a superior sense of sagacity at the apparent transparency of the plot, and he begins to give himself airs with his author. But at a single turn of the wheel, hey, *presto!* the reader is off the track, groping in the fog into which he has been unsuspectingly inveigled. There are no loose threads in Mr. Hume's work; the shuttle of his loom works noiselessly and without a break. One may smile sometimes at the simple devices to which he palpably resorts in joining his threads together, but these inartistic flaws, while they would be serious defects in the fine-spun fabric of Sherlock Holmes' scientific brain, are of much less consequence in the coarse web of Mr. Hume's weaving. *The Lone Inn* is masterly of its kind, and, better still, is an excellent relaxative for the tired mind pressed hard by the *Zeit-geist*.

THE WOMAN WHO DID. By Grant Allen. Keynotes Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

"Written . . . for the first time in my life wholly and solely to satisfy my own taste and conscience." So runs a prefatory inscription to this story, which has been looked forward to with some curiosity. The word "taste" puzzles us, unless we run it into the next substantive, "conscience," and give it a purely moral significance. We take it this story was not written to satisfy Mr. Allen's artistic conscience. It is of the pamphlet order, a tract for the times, using the popular means of illustration—dialogue and anecdote. At his peril does a tract writer exemplify his principles by real, living, complicated human beings. It is more convenient to dress up models of abstractions, pull strings to make them move in the proper direction, chop up theories into fairly short paragraphs, and ventriloquise these into and out of the mouths of the dummies that fall limp and mute when he lets them out of hand. Therefore, if we may be allowed to regard the book merely as a tract, we shall not quarrel much with the fact that Herminia Barton, the "Woman Who Did," is not,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

till the last act, at least, a woman at all. She is an automaton used for an object lesson. She is the answers to the questions in the Catechism of the Ideal Dissoluble Marriage of the Future. Mr. Allen has another purpose in view than the creation of a personality, and he seeks success outside the bounds of creative literature. Yet we are interested in certain facts related of that beautiful theory-casket, Herminia, and not so inconsistently either, for we want to know whether they support the final purpose of the book. "The Woman Who Did," at twenty-two, has formulated a daring revolutionary scheme of life, which presupposes a knowledge of good and evil that would seem comprehensive enough in any human being of forty. Is Mr. Allen right? Does the modern young woman justify his citing Herminia as even an extreme type? All our experience goes to deny it, and we were just going to condemn, when we remembered that, for ulterior purposes, she has to talk, and expound, and utter a great many uncompromising generalities; she has to put the case with burning eloquence. "You forget," she says, "it is the outcome of my life's philosophy." A life's philosophy at twenty-two! The very absurdity puts Mr. Allen in the right. The high-flown simplicity of her lengthy discourses stamps her with youth. She would have been so much less a cock-sure exponent at forty, and so much less fitted, therefore, to illustrate the tract. Genuine human interest awakes in the last act, where Herminia is deserted and reviled —with a crude barbarity, however, not very probable—by her daughter. The only free child born into the world thinks her freedom disreputable. Mr. Allen here touches fact. Those who lead the race—grant for the moment Herminia's leadership—to greater liberty, not unseldom drive their children according to the flesh into vulgar reaction.

Now for the pamphlet. Its purpose is to describe an ideal union for men and women, where love and respect shall be the only bonds of permanence. There are no ugly suggestions to attract the baser kind of reader. It is a perfectly straightforward, serious book, written in a more obviously instructive tone than we have been accustomed to since our perusal of the religious fiction put into our hands in youth. Mr. Allen says good and true things in it; and, indeed, he never wrote a book—even those that have not satisfied his conscience—whose final purpose was not a generous one. But he has not advanced his end by a step. He shirks the whole difficulty. The permanence and experiences of such a union he refuses to test, killing the man before it is a year old. And in great things and small he betrays a strange misunderstanding of human nature. He has our experience in revolt at every turn. To take a small matter—his impression that Girton girls think and talk of "nothing else on earth except Herodotus, trigonometry, and the higher culture," is harmlessly absurd; but it is one of many evidences of superficial observation. Such an appalling generality as "All honest art is of necessity pessimistic," is, perhaps, harmless too and also superficial. But his glorification of the mere brute instinct of mating, and his denial of the worth of those in whom it is repressed till it is tempered and ennobled by a sense of the responsibilities of life, is a senseless and shallow slander of human nature. In this one point, *The Woman Who Did*, an entirely unconvincing but honest book, is calculated to do not a little harm.

MEN BORN EQUAL. By Harry Perry Robinson. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

One of the most remarkable signs of the times is the advent of the reporter into suburban literature. Not that many arrive within the gates of the Eternal City itself, for strait is the gate and narrow is the way, and few there be that enter in. For the most part the literary product of the pressman is a sort of glorified journalism, which oftentimes bedecks itself with the borrowed plumes of literature. It cannot well be otherwise where there is

> No leisure to grow wise,
> No shelter to grow ripe.

The tranquillity and solitude which are essential to art are withheld from the hard-working journalist, and it is seldom that he has self-denial to forego the exigencies and temptations of his profession to devote himself to better work, even when he is confident of his own ability. *Men Born Equal*, however, must take rank in this category with distinction. For a first novel by a journalist

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is distinguished among its fellows who dwell in the suburbs of literature by the excellence of its craftsmanship and the value of its contribution to the popular discussion of labour problems.

Nothing could be more gratifying to the lovers of law and order, as well as to those who are interested in social evolution, than the evidence of a growing consciousness of higher ideals and a deeper sense of rectitude in handling social questions, indicated by the increasing number of young writers in the field of journalism who are giving their best thought and attention to the pressing topics of the time. The author of *Men Born Equal* is one of these, and we recommend his book to the earnest consideration of every reader who ponders on these things. The fact that the great camping-ground of street railway strikes, to which Brooklyn is but now giving forcible illustration, provides the novelist and the thinker with material for a love story and a sociological study which are so welded together as to inculcate the same fundamental truth, imparts a large and timely significance to this volume. Macaulay's quatrain,

> When none was for a Party,
> But all were for the State,
> And the Rich man helped the Poor,
> And the Poor man loved the Great,

adorns the title-page, and the pages following voice the sentiments of the arch-Whig. The conviction of Judge Jessel that "it is not through Populism that salvation will come; it is more likely to be through the reaction against Populism," would appear to be the writer's hope for the political dawn not yet at hand, but it is rash to harness what one of his characters says to the author's political horse. There is no mistaking the meaning of these words, however: "The man who goes straight goes far," says Tim Sullivan; "it isn't brains that makes a man govern men, nor education, nor money—it's the *man* of him!" But no review can do full justice to the book. There are pages of solemn rhetoric charged with an earnest pleading for the cause of "the voiceless millions all over the world—or, if not voiceless, they might well be so, for they are spent with labour and weak with lack of food, and their voices reach only to ears that are deaf, on which they beat in vain;" there are descriptive scenes and incidents of a street railway strike which surpass the verisimilitude of mere journalism, because of the fusion of details in the solvent of imagination and the austerity and restraint which the writer has exerted over his "copy," for his revelations of newspaper practice prove that he writes from the inside. Then there is some splendid fooling with Tim Sullivan, the good-natured Irish politician, and Barry, who wears the foolscap as a foil to his neighbour Horace Marsh, who takes things rather too much in earnest for his own and everybody's good for a time. The frequent use of apt and well-chosen quotation and a habitual way Horace Marsh (who strikes us as being a subjective character study) has of buttressing his statements with references to certain authors, show that while deeply concerned with politics, the author has by no means neglected literature. If we are to have our theology and science and politics served to us in a simple and popular fashion, we can conceive of no better medium than that which Mr. Robinson has rendered so ably and so delightfully in his first venture—one which we shall hope to see him repeat.

THE HONOUR OF SAVELLI. By S. Levett Yeats. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Among a batch of novels which arrived the other evening for critical vivisection, something tempting in the title and in the look of the opening sentences of *The Honour of Savelli* elected that novel to the privilege of precedence. As a further bait to a jaded appetite consequent on a week's dull reading, the novel in question purported to be written after the manner of Mr. Weyman. Truth to tell, we were somewhat sceptical at the outset; but let us say at once in amends that not since reading *A Gentleman of France* have we been so engrossed and captivated by the work of a new writer. The book was taken up at first as a foil to the pleasure of a cigar, but soon the "ambrosial weed" lost its flavour, and was forgotten. The spirit of other days and another clime took possession of us, and the bright embers in the grate turned a dull red and then an ashen gray. But still the spell was on us, and with breathless haste we followed the fortunes of the swash-buckler Di Savelli through escapades and ambuscades, court intrigues and love adventures, until we saw him safely through

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all his encounters, retired and happy, as so brave and honourable a knight deserved, in his castle of Aquila, among the Sabine Mountains, with the haughty Lady Angiola by his side. Seldom have we read a first novel with such genuine pleasure and gusto. Not that by any means the new-comer is equal in all respects to "the Dumas of the hour," as Mr. Weyman has been lightly called. There is a deeper and more varied knowledge of human nature, a finer analysis of motive, and a more masterly constructive skill in *A Gentleman of France*; but the creator of Ugo Di Savelli can break a lance with him who conceived Gaston De Marsac as a *raconteur* of exciting episodes, hairbreadth escapes, and magnificent sword play, and as a story-teller who is fired with "the spirit of the true Romance," and who can bear us on the rapid tide of a rattling narrative, which hurries us onward unresting until the happy *dénouement* is reached. The author has taken Dumas for his model, and this is evinced in the spirited action of dialogue and subtle movement, in the alertness of the characters, and in the adroitness with which he holds all the issues at stake and carries them on with growing interest till they reach their common goal.

The story, which it would be unfair to spoil by tracing here, is laid in that period of Italian history when Alexander VI. was Pope, and the infamous Borgias were tottering to their fall. We are introduced to the Duc De Tremouille, to the French king, to Cesare, Alexander, and to Lucrezia Borgia, to the Chevalier Bayard, and to Machiavelli; and some vivid pictures are drawn of the life of the court at Florence and Rome, and of adventurous peril in the career of a knight of the road at that agitating period in history. The main current of the story recalls *A Gentleman of France*, with its introduction of a mysterious political mission, but the motive-play of the leading figure, who is also the narrator, is altogether different, and gives an exaltation of character to Di Savelli which is lacking in De Marsac, though both have a common attraction for us in their manly and courageous virtues. Some of Mr. Yeats' scenes compare favourably with dramatic incidents in *A Gentleman of France*, though the latter surpasses the former in the variety and complexity of intricate plot and arrangement. But, for a first novel, *The Honour of Savelli*, as a whole, promises well. Nor can we impute the charge of imitation to him, for although coming after *A Gentleman of France* in point of time, Mr. Yeats assures us that the book was written before he had read Mr. Weyman's brilliant novel. To him belongs, as much as to Mr. Weyman, the credit of the daring originality and bold conception which characterise both novels. *The Honour of Savelli*, we fear, has raised another vexed ghost on the horizon of Mr. Boyesen's troubled vision, and is a further outcome of that romantic movement which Mr. Zangwill holds responsible for setting so many writers "brooding on blood and writing in the reddest of inks."

TALES OF MEAN STREETS. By Arthur Morrison. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

This is an unmistakably strong book. The East End and its dwellers have never before been painted from the same standpoint, nor in so vigorous and independent a fashion. That it gives the inevitable picture which sojourners in the neighbourhood must carry away, we certainly do not assert. It is distinctly limited, but limited because its point of view is individual, its purpose scrupulously truthful. Mr. Morrison's intention has been to tell just what he has seen, idealising nothing and keeping back little. He has carried it out with a frankness which no doubt some readers will term brutal, and which certainly wants some courage to face. They are pictures of misery, cruelty, sordidness, he gives us for the most part, pictures rather than descriptions; the moral showman never appears at all to pull a long face, or shake his head, or say "How pitiful!" or "How wrong!" The reader is left to make his own reflections, and they will not be comfortable ones, on "Lizerunt," "Without Visible Means," and "On the Stairs." Mr. Morrison has plainly a bias; and who has not? With the right or wrong of that bias literary criticism has nothing to do, provided he give it logical and forcible expression. It is, however, perfectly legitimate to take objection to the long monotony of dreariness, which the slight facetiousness of "The Red Cow Group," the comic mixture of rascality and hysteria in "A Conversion," the patient pluck in "Three Rounds," and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the grim independence of "Behind the Shade," are not enough, and hardly of a kind, to relieve. It is fair to say that there is something wanting in his picture—something pertaining to rational happiness and unselfish endeavour, which experience has led one to expect in streets however mean. We need not accept his as the whole picture, but who will dare to say it is not true in great part? The book is far from heartless; indeed, possibly it is just because the observer's feelings were not of that easy kind that can be relieved by mere words of pity that his stories are so grim and so ungenial. So much for the effect of the tales on our emotions. Regarded merely from the point of fiction, they are the work of an unusually vigorous writer, whose vision is clear and whose dramatic sense is vivid, and who, in putting his scenes and pictures into words, invariably takes the best and shortest way. An introduction has been written for the American edition; and a portrait of Mr. Morrison will be found among our News Notes.

A BUNDLE OF LIFE. By John Oliver Hobbes. Unknown Library. New York: Cassell Publishing Company. 50 cents.

It is being rather hard on a really able writer to call her first affectedly cynical, and bent chiefly on making a sensation, and when she drops that tone to say she is dull. Yet perhaps that is the kind of judgment that will be commonly meted out to the authoress of *A Bundle of Life*. John Oliver Hobbes is very clever, and she is giving promise of development in unexpected directions. She is trying to fly thitherwards now, but her flight is not yet very sure. Her former style was the epigrammatic-psychological. Now she seems to have discovered that epigram is hardly agreeable to psychology, and the epigram has to a large extent been dropped. Yet dull the story is not; there is a great deal of freshly expressed wisdom in it. The satire on Lady Mallinger, the beautiful and heartless, empty-souled, yet aspiring coquette—that women like her "have to die young to be understood"—is masterly. Sir Verity, Sidney Wyche and Teresa, all interest us; but the writer has before now made better portraits than theirs. As to the plan of the story—well, it is just a bundle of life, a bundle hardly selected, and very loosely bound together. But though one may admit that a little formlessness may give fiction a greater appearance of real life, one cannot help protesting against the pretence of form in the introduction of a prologue which would be quite as much in place were it bound up in any other equally able story of society life. The tone of this book is not so knowing as the writer's earlier ones, but perhaps it is wiser. It is certainly more sympathetic.

NOÉMI. By S. Baring Gould. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

In striking off *Noémi* after *The Deserts of Southern France* Mr. Gould is guilty of killing two birds with one stone. To change the metaphor, which is not a happy one, the student of research has thrown his professional toga aside with the publication of his investigations in Aquitania, and has taken relaxation in a novel grounded on material furnished by his sojourn in the land of the Aquitanes. The time chosen for the story with which Mr. Gould has worked off his surplus energy is that disturbing period when French and English rule and misrule so quickly alternate that no clear vision of events enacted then are possible. In the haziness of history there is refuge for the storywright, and Mr. Gould's imagination is equal to the task. The attention is riveted on the movement of the tale at the outset in no perfunctory manner. The dramatic element is always strong in Mr. Gould's work, even if it sometimes runs to melodrama. Noémi, a bandit's daughter, is introduced playing fast and loose with the surging passion of Jean del' Peyra, the son of a poor seigneur. As their course of true love careers on its troubled way the interest of their story gathers force from the account of the peasants' oppression, their insurrection and uprising against the bandits, at whose hands they had long suffered the direst cruelty and persecution. The story is well handled, and the interest never flags till a just retribution overtakes the oppressors, and we are left with a comfortable feeling that "all's well that ends well."

IN THE YEAR OF JUBILEE. By George Gissing. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 3 vols.

What Mr. Percy White sketched with a light touch and more than a sugges-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of burlesque in *Mr. Bailey-Martin*, Mr. Gissing has limned with remarkable completeness and power in this, the most notable novel that has come to us this year. The life of the English *bourgeoisie* in an unfashionable London suburb has never been set forth with such fulness, such graphic precision, and such pitiless realism. Mr. White's Surbiton was rather amusing than otherwise, with its social strivings and the vendetta of the Muirhead-Salters and the Bailey-Martins; but Mr. Gissing's picture is of another kind, unlovely in its details, and ruthlessly repulsive. The stolid Philistinism of the prosperous members of the lower middle classes is here relieved with scarcely a touch of humour. The lives they lead vary between the most sordid money-grubbing on the one hand, and vulgar dissipation on the other. Dullards, fools, and debauchees are the leading characters of Mr. Gissing's novel, which is therefore by no means pleasant reading, though the great ability of the writer and the moral hideousness of the picture fascinate one and compel attention. Still it may be questioned whether the impression made be really an impression of the truth. Each character is, no doubt, a type, and studied from the life; yet an aggregation of types may give a result that is far from typical. In other words, one may entertain the hope that Mr. Gissing has consciously or unconsciously left out some of the light, and thus darkened and deepened the shadows of his impressive delineation; and that, as a very able English reviewer lately said of him, he is in reality an idealist of the new school—an idealist of ugliness.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE AIMS OF LITERARY STUDY. By Hiram Corson, LL.D. New York: Macmillan & Co. 75 cents.

A few years ago the writer remembers reading one of those erratic little books which are the sporadic outgrowth of an earnest thinker's brooding over truths that have become commonplace in their embodiment in living forms. The one in question bore the startling title, *The Lost Truths of Christianity*, which, after all, was meant for satire. Professor Corson's warm protest against the scholastic methods of studying literature might well be called *The Lost Aims of Literary Study*. While primarily addressed to the literary educators of youth, and indirectly to the students themselves, it is a book that we should wish to see in the hands of every young man and woman of thought and intelligence. Carlyle's famous saying that the best college for a youth is a collection of books gains emphasis from the forcible presentation of its truth and practicability in these ably written papers. Not by intellectual gymnastics nor by textual analyses is the student trained to appreciation of the "perennial masterpieces," as Balzac styles them, but by spiritual apprehension and inspiration. Literature, according to Professor Corson, being the expression in letters of the spiritual, co-operating with the intellectual man, needs sympathy of spirit to divine the true meaning, the whole meaning of genius. "In the study of a great literary product, *details must come last*—must come after there has been an adequate response to the informing life of the work. Then, when details are considered, the student is, to some extent, prepared to feel what they contribute to the general vitality." The insistence on true culture being the result of living in the company of great writers, and not in the accumulation of facts about them, is timely and especially pertinent in view of the cast-iron methods that inhere in our schools and colleges. And if we have to acknowledge that his is not an isolated voice, we must also allow that it sounds a note less familiar. That upon the exercise of "what is" in us—that spiritual sensitiveness which responds to the infinite mystery of being which gives the essential and immortal quality to literature—depends the silent shaping of our souls toward perfection, the rounding of character which includes all our faculties, has few strong literary advocates. Per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haps Mr. Mabie, in his essays, has insisted more than any contemporary writer on the spiritual element in literature and the need of a spiritual sense in man to appreciate its richest contents. "The most *practical* education," say Professor Corson, "is the education of the spiritual man; for it is this, and not the education of the intellectual man, which is, *must* be (or Christianity has made a great mistake) the basis of individual character; and to individual character humanity chiefly owes its sustainment." In these words we have the conclusion of the whole argument. The aims of literary study should be toward spiritual rectification—to use the writer's phraseology—to turn the soul-attitude on the contemplation of genius, and so assimilate its spiritual force and bring the whole man into harmony with the divine immanence. The volume is well worth a careful reading; its diction is rather jagged and repellent, but you soon get over that when the earnestness of the writer overtakes you. A more flagrant infirmity of style is the frequent use of italics for the sake of emphasis.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S FIRST CAMPAIGN. By Herbert H. Sargent, U. S. A. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

In the extraordinarily protracted vogue of Napoleonic lore that has been so marked a feature of the past twelve months, it has sometimes seemed as though the revived interest in the great Corsican had centred wholly in *friperie*, so largely has this literature been literature of the back-stairs. The inventory of his old clothes, the dishes that he ate, his casual remarks to his valet, his vulgar *liaisons* with venal women, the privacies of his toilet—this is the sort of stuff that has flooded the pages of a hundred Paul Prys from Lévy to Masson. One is in danger of forgetting that Napoleon was anything more than an eccentric and immoral monarch of a by no means unusual type. His statesmanship and his marvellous genius for war have at times seemed utterly forgotten in the *crambe repetita* of cheap reminiscence and fetid scandal.

The clearly written little volume of Lieutenant Sargent looks to another class of readers than those who like to gaze at history through a sewer-grating. It deals with the memorable Italian campaign, in which Bonaparte for the first time, as a boy of twenty-six, was pitted against the veteran generals of Austria, against Wurmser, Quasdanovich, and the Archduke Charles, and with inferior forces routed them all in succession, and revolutionised the art of war. The campaign is described battle by battle in the simplest and most lucid language, each account being supplemented by a page or two of comments which give in a nutshell the strategic principles involved in the particular battle, with a short criticism from the standpoint of modern military science. A plan accompanies each, and so luminous and untechnical is the narrative, that the most inexperienced civilian sees at a glance the whole plan of campaign, and is enabled at once to appreciate the preternaturally brilliant genius of Napoleon and the mistakes of his adversaries. Lieutenant Sargent's exposition is also interesting as showing that the Austrian movements were often wisely planned, and what ninety-nine out of a hundred able generals would have done in like circumstances; but Napoleon was the hundredth general, before whose genius all the teachings of the professional strategists were confounded and turned to folly.

THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES By Crosnier de Varigny; translated from the French by Arabella Ward. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.00.

M. Crosnier de Varigny knows very much more about the United States than the authors of most books that depict our people and our institutions, since he was a resident of this country for nearly twelve years, or four times as long as the redoubtable Mrs. Trollope. Nevertheless, an American will scarcely go to him for political or social instruction. The real interest of his book lies in the fact that it gives a fair and, we may probably say, a typical picture of one side of our social life as it appears to an intelligent and conscientious foreigner who has really had an opportunity to study the country. We should scarcely accept it as the truth, but we may nevertheless feel curious to know what others think to be the truth.

M. de Varigny is greatly interested in the American woman—as who is not? He also thinks that he fully comprehends her, wherein he shows himself a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rash and over-confident sort of person. He describes her as he thinks she is, and then endeavours to account for her by establishing a philosophic basis derived from history. His general argument is as follows: When the early colonists came over to America, circumstances made it necessary for women to share the dangers and privations equally with the men—to wield the axe and rifle as well as he. Hence woman was admitted by him to a complete equality such as she had never dreamed of in Europe, and which the colonial women transmitted to the women of the United States to-day. But as the struggle for a bare existence ceased, women, while retaining this equality, no longer had to toil and struggle, but gave themselves up to being ornamental. Hence they are to-day superior to the American men in cultivation, in the social graces, and in general refinement, for man is still battling, not against the savages as of old, but against his competitors in the fight for wealth. M. de Varigny sees some signs which lead him to think that man will presently regain at least an equality with woman, and is graciously pleased to hope that he will do so.

This is the author's point of view; but he is not unduly philosophical, dropping into anecdote and reminiscence and giving many remarkable facts which he or his friends have observed in America, and which no one but a Frenchman would ever have been able to discover or to credit. He has read the newspapers assiduously, and evidently takes some of their jokes to be seriously intended. He is very free in commenting on whatever he has seen. The American girls whom he has met in Europe pain him by their bold manners; he considers American boarding-houses unsafe places for the stray unmarried foreigner; he cautions his fellow-countrymen against being drawn into conversation with any American women on the railway trains, and relates with great impressiveness the experience of a gentleman whom such an imprudence cost the sum of $20,000. He thinks American juries and American judges too severe toward men and too sympathetic toward women; and in general regards the American young woman as a dangerous person, whose attractions, coupled with experience and a cold temperament, render her almost invincible when she makes up her mind to conquer and ensnare.

Incidentally M. de Varigny ranges over a wide field; he has anecdotes of the West and of the East; of Presidents and ambassadors; of the country school and the divorce courts; of Wall Street and Newport. What strikes him more forcibly, perhaps, than anything else, is the deference universally paid to men who are accompanied by women, and he adopts the suggestion of a countryman, that if the foreign tourist be so unfortunate as to have no mother, wife, or sister to accompany him on his travels in the United States, he should ensure his comfort by taking along his cook!

Miss Ward's translation is a free one, and reads smoothly. She has occasionally inserted a foot-note to correct an historical error of the author or to rectify a quotation; minor slips are corrected without comment, as when the original gives Tony Weller as "Tom," or Russell Sage as "William." The book is a decided addition to the *Culturgeschichte* of the century.

POPULAR SAYINGS DISSECTED. By A. Wallace. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 75 cents.

This dainty volume of 168 pages collects a large number of popular and half-proverbial sayings, the *Spruchwörter* of the English language, and more fully defining them, gives briefly their origin and history. One may derive much entertainment and not a little instruction from its pages, and an index at the end makes it a convenient book for reference. To find the expression "to save his bacon" traced to the Dunmow Flitch; "scraping acquaintance," to the Roman Emperor Hadrian; "that's the cheese," to Hindustan; "to hold water," to the prophet Jeremiah; "cock-a-hoop," to the French *coq-à-huppe;* "cat's cradle," to the manger at Bethlehem, and "to cotton to him," to China, gives one a good notion of the innumerable sources that have enriched our mother tongue. Mr. Wallace, however, is not altogether consistent with himself, as on p. 46 he gives an explanation of "that's the cheese" (mentioned above) which is quite irreconcilable with the one on p. 133. Also "to smoke the *calumet* of peace" (p. 87) is not the form of the expression that is actually used. Occasionally a phrase is explained which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scarcely needs explanation, as "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," "black his eye," and "a toad under a harrow;" while some expressions whose origin is generally unknown, such as "Simon pure," are not given at all. The explanation of "to play old gooseberry" (p. 8) is incorrect, Old Gooseberry being really a euphemism for the devil.

THE MELANCHOLY OF STEPHEN ALLARD. A Private Diary. Edited by Garnet Smith. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.75.

Stephen Allard escaped out of the drudgery of working life for a year, to "take sanctuary among the hills," his purpose being to review life, and judge of its possibilities and vanities, in peace and at leisure. He sets about his task with great method, setting down *seriatim* all the accusations against life and examining them, and afterward the remedies and consolations that have been suggested, and examining these in their turn. He comes to no satisfactory conclusion, though his investigation of authorities on melancholy has been lengthy and fairly thorough. But to prevent his disappointment at having to go back to the world before he has gained a comforting creed, Death mercifully takes him. Allard's own reflections are not of much value, and probably he was not the man to get wholesome value out of mountain solitudes. The gift of being healthy in solitude is rare. There is pessimism and pessimism, and one kind verily enjoys the struggle of life, sniffs the battle and grimly rejoices. This fighting note is not Allard's. He was a gentle, well-mannered, well-read young man with a sensitive soul, and we are glad Death soon took him out of the distasteful turmoil. But if he is not helpful as a counsellor or consoler, he is an excellent guide to the literature of melancholy. Had he read a little less of it he might have been the happier, but his loss may be the gain of some robuster souls.

THE REAL CHINAMAN. By Chester Holcombe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.00.

Of all the books called forth by the clash of the two great Eastern empires, none that has come to our notice is so thoroughly satisfactory for the general reader as this. Mr. Holcombe combines certain qualifications that are too often dissociated—a wealth of minute and highly interesting information, and the literary skill of a practised writer. His book, as its title indicates, is not intended to set forth any recondite theory or to explore the more abstruse phases of Oriental lore, but to present a vivid, complete, and, above all, accurate picture of the Chinaman as he actually is. For this task Mr. Holcombe's long residence in the East, his intimate knowledge of the Chinese language in all its chief dialectic variations, and his own keen and yet sympathetic observation, have most admirably fitted him.

This is the only book on the subject that makes the reader feel, after reading it, as though he had himself lived for a time in China. This realism, which assimilates a mental impression to that received by the senses, is largely due to the fact that the writer takes us with him down into the very streets and shops, the homes and the daily life of the ordinary Chinaman. We mingle with the crowds, we jostle against them in the streets, we hear them talk, we eat with them—for the time we live with them; and this is the great merit of the book. For every statement the author has an apt anecdote as an illustration, and it is almost always drawn from his own experience. Especially interesting is his correction of many false ideas that have become rooted in the Occidental mind, and which are in every case the result of hasty generalisation by travellers who knew neither the language nor the people. Among the points, however, in which Mr. Holcombe controverts established opinions, are two as to which he might well have been much more explicit. At the end of the first chapter he asserts, in opposition to the general consensus of contemporaneous testimony, that there is no real estrangement between the Chinese proper—that is to say, the great mass of the inhabitants—and the ruling Manchu dynasty.

"As a matter of fact, the native race has absorbed its conquerors, and the two are practically one. It is as rare to find a Chinese who objects to the Emperor because he is a Manchu, as it is to find one of our British friends objecting to Her Majesty Queen Victoria because of her German extraction."

Can it be, then, that all that we read of the formidable Secret Societies which have honeycombed the whole empire with their intrigues, and which are sup-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posed to have the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty at heart—can all this, we say, be pure invention? Mr. Holcombe's opinion is, of course, entitled to the very greatest respect; but he certainly should have bestowed more than a casual sentence or two upon this highly important subject.

Another statement that will be read with great interest is his general defence of the Chinese, especially those of Northern China, against the charge of infanticide. On this matter he gives us many valuable facts; and though the defence is not wholly convincing, he certainly makes it clear that travellers have greatly exaggerated the prevalence of this crime. Incidentally, however, he reveals some most shocking usages in the treatment of living children.

Space forbids quotations from Mr. Holcombe's fascinating chapters. The topics discussed by him with satisfactory fulness, and which the casual reader will peruse with the greatest zest, are the social life of the Chinese, the curious superstitions that prevail among the people, the primitive workings of the Civil Service where all office is the reward of successful examinations, the business life and business tricks of the Chinese, and the financial system which has many lessons for our American bimetallists and advocates of fiat money. A whole chapter is given to the subject of the Chinese queue, with its etiquette and traditions. Not the least interesting anecdotes are those relating to Mr. Holcombe's own experiences as a representative of the United States, and his occasional conflicts with the native officials, in which, we are glad to say, he duly upheld the dignity of his country. Seventy-seven illustrations, from photographs made by the author, are both attractive and full of instruction. The cover deserves especial mention. It is of the imperial yellow, restricted in China to the use of the Emperor; the imperial seal in silver decorates it; and it is stamped with the title of the book in Chinese characters, as written for the author by His Excellency, the Chinese Minister at Washington. The typography of the volume is admirable.

SOUVENIR FAN PRESENTED BY A DISTINGUISHED CHINESE OFFICIAL TO MR. HOLCOMBE; THE TEXT, IN ENGLISH AND NATIVE, HAVING BEEN DONE WITH AN ORDINARY CHINESE BRUSH.

COREA OR CHO-SEN. By A. Henry Savage-Landor. New York: Macmillan & Co. $4.50.

Even the most inveterate globe-trotter, after reading Mr. Savage-Landor's charming book, will hesitate a long time before including Corea in any future itinerary. The country whose capital city has streets of indescribable filthiness, a temperature in the vicinity of 60 degrees below zero, hotels that regale the traveller on raw fish and meat in various stages of putridity, and in which tigers prowl about at night, seems hardly to justify its poetical and Oriental title, "Land of the Morning Calm." Mr. Savage-Landor is a young English artist who went to Corea in 1890 and painted the portraits of a number of the nobility and royal family, and who seems to have enjoyed himself in spite of the incidental drawbacks enumerated above. He has told in his handsome book the story of his sojourn in Corea in the off-hand style of the smoking-room, which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is not without a charm of its own, and which, at any rate, is vivid and forcible. When he discourses on matters of hearsay, as, for instance, on the religion of the people, he is somewhat misty, but in the narration of his personal experiences no one could be happier. There is a great amount of very timely and curious information gathered together in these chapters, which may be commended to almost any one as excellent reading. Mr. Savage-Landor indulges in a skit or two upon the English that is "spoken in the States," but is not himself exactly a well of English undefiled. When he becomes agitated in the course of his narrative he indulges in such exclamations as "Good gracious!" and "Great Scott!" says that he knows certain things "jolly well," and declares that such and such a thing "takes the cake." Some of his epithets, however, if not exactly academic, are expressive, as where he tells us of a certain dish which had a "flavour" and of the "squashy" hand of a eunuch.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Under the title *Five Lectures on Shakespeare*, Messrs. Henry Holt and Co. publish some very suggestive and lucid criticisms by Dr. Ten Brink, excellently translated by Julia Hamilton. It deals with the principal characteristics of Shakespeare, the chronology of his works, and a consideration of his genius as a dramatist, as a comic poet, and as a writer of tragedy.——From Tait, Sons and Co. comes a book entitled *Americans in Europe*. The author in his preface makes use of the word "tasty," and the rest of the book is as cheap and vulgar as this would enable us to infer. Whoever buys it will waste his money, and whoever reads it will waste his time.——Mr. Berkeley Updike sends us a copy of his beautifully printed *Vexilla Regis*, which, having been privately issued in a first edition, is now given to the public with some few corrections and with the hymn of Venantius Fortunatus whence the title is taken, included. It consists of a quotation for each day of the year, the selections being taken from very many sources, and in this respect differing from the familiar anthologies of this character. They are also different in not being restricted to a mere line or two, but are of sufficient length to have a definite value of their own. Thus the selections for January range over a wide field, including the Bible, George Eliot, Ozanam, Lacordaire, Pascal, James Russell Lowell, Shakespeare, Balzac, William Blake, Wordsworth, St. Augustine, Francis Bacon, Père de Coudrette, and others.——*The Land of the Sun*, by Christian Reid, and published by the Appletons, is a combination of novel and guide-book, the guide-book on the whole predominating. The rather mild adventures of a family party in Mexico are described with a good deal of deliberation, and there is a large amount of description and general information conveyed in one form or another. Twenty well-executed illustrations from photographs of buildings and places in Mexico add to the attractive appearance of a book that may be safely read by the most nervous person.——The Messrs. Macmillan publish Dickens's *Little Dorrit*, in a reprint of the edition of 1869, which contains the author's last corrections, and also a facsimile of the title-page of the original edition of 1857 (misplaced in the binding), with the original illustrations of Hablot Browne ("Phiz"), and with a biographical and bibliographical introduction by Charles Dickens the younger. The typography is excellent, and the price (one dollar) remarkably reasonable.

The same publishers send us Mr. Arthur L. Fonda's monograph, *Honest Money*, being an enlargement of an article which appeared from his pen two years ago in the *American Journal of Politics*. It is "an attempt to analyse the requirements of a perfect money," as the author says, and having done so, Mr. Fonda proceeds to set forth the conclusions resulting from his analysis. He holds the monometallic gold standard to be the source of most of our economic ills, and argues for a standard based upon a large number of commodities—what Professor Jevons described as a "multiple legal tender"—a plan proposed as long ago as 1822 by Mr. Joseph Lowe. The actual currency he would make wholly paper. This, he thinks, would give a standard of value as nearly invariable as any that can possibly be obtained, and one that would make the disturbances resulting from hoarding impossible. The commodities that are to serve as a multiple legal ten-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

der he would have selected by a commission, and suggests the number of such commodities as one hundred, among them corn, tobacco, wheat, oats, and other staples. The great merit of such a standard he holds to be its unlikeness to the standard of any other nation, and thus beyond the reach of foreign monetary legislation.——Having become responsible for the bane in the shape of Mr. Fonda's book, the Messrs. Macmillan very properly provide the antidote, by reprinting in a most attractive and convenient form, and at the low price of seventy-five cents each, two little volumes, one containing select chapters and passages from Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and the other the first six chapters of Ricardo's *Principles of Political Economy*, these last being the chapters that contain his general economic theory.

Castle Rackrent and *The Absentee*. *Japhet in Search of a Father*. Macmillan's new series begins well. We might wish the print a little larger, but no other complaint is justified. The introducers, Mrs. Ritchie and Mr. Hannay, have done their part very pleasantly, taking exactly the tone that persuades us willingly to renew an acquaintance with Miss Edgeworth and Captain Marryat. The illustrations—in the first volume by Chris Hammond, in the second by H. M. Brock—are abundant and really excellent. The series evidently means to deserve popularity. Galt, Borrow, and Susan Ferrier are on its list, and we have not too many good editions of these.

A number of convenient little books in paper covers for school use come to us from Messrs. Maynard, Merrill & Co., constituting the latest issues of their "English Classic Series." Just why Dante's *Inferno* the story of Aladdin, and extracts from Philippe de Comines and Benvenuto Cellini should be styled English classics one does not very readily see; classics in English would probably express the intended meaning better. The little books themselves, however, are well printed, the selections are judiciously made, and the short biographical sketches of the authors and the explanatory foot-notes are well enough as far as they go; but if the students for whom they are intended are so youthful as to require a note to explain to them what the "wing" of an army means, they will probably find that such a note as that on "houseled"—*i.e.*, "received the Eucharist"—leaves them still in the dark as to what the writer had in mind. The same publishers bring out an edition of Labiche and Martin's comedy, *La Poudre aux Yeux*, edited by Mr. A. B. Solial, with notes chiefly explanatory of the idioms, and a special vocabulary of all the words.

The American Book Company issued last month *Roman Life in Latin Prose and Verse*, by Professor H. T. Peck and Dr. Robert Arrowsmith. Its aim is to give a survey of Latin literature in the form of representative extracts, which shall at the same time afford a good deal of information about the private life of the Romans. To this end the editors have got together a large amount of material not readily accessible to the student, often from non-literary sources—nursery songs, charms and spells, popular songs, serenades, jokes, parodies, advertisements, scribblings found upon the walls at Pompeii, etc., in addition to passages such as those of Pliny on the Roman doctors, Gaius on the business capacity of women, the Testamentum Porcelli, Martial's most famous epigrams, Juvenal's invective against the "new woman" at Rome, the younger Pliny's ghost story, the comic dinner-party of Trimalchio described by Petronius, and many more things of a like character. Biographical sketches of the writers head each selection, with a selected bibliography, and there are also full notes and an index. The book is a novel one in both its plan and execution. A large number of interesting illustrations give it a very attractive appearance.

The fourth issue of *Minerva*, the indispensable collection of university statistics, is sent us by Trübner & Co., of Strassburg. Its frontispiece is a portrait of Lord Kelvin, etched by Hubert Herkomer. To the list of American colleges given in the former volumes, there are now added Bryn Mawr, Cincinnati University, Colgate University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Nebraska University, the Ohio Wesleyan University, the University of Vermont, Wellesley, and the Western Reserve University, bringing up the total for the United States to thirty-nine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OLD BOOKSELLERS OF NEW YORK.

WILLIAM GOWANS.

The transformation that the streets of this city have undergone during the last half century has well-nigh obliterated every landmark that met the eye of the incipient bibliopole, William Gowans, when first he trudged with his basket full of books up and down its cobble-stone paved highways. Then it was a compact, convenient place in which to dwell and transact business. The rapid-

William Gowans.

transit problem had not begun to vex the minds of its citizens, and was readily solved by the stages in summer and the four and six-horse open sleighs in winter of the famous firm of carriers, Kip and Brown, whose route ended in the suburbs of the town—about Fourteenth Street—above which Broadway was still known as the Bloomingdale Road. Starting from the *Herald* building, at the corner of Ann Street and Broadway, we may wander far and wide before we find, with the exception of old St. Paul's and St. Peter's (Roman Catholic Church), a prominent edifice that was standing in 1828, the year that William Gowans came to this busy, bustling, aspiring town, from the wilds of Indiana, in search of fame and fortune. He was a youth of twenty-five, a Scotchman by birth, and whilom a farmer and a flat-boatman on the Mississippi. For a twelvemonth after his arrival in New York he was engaged in a variety of occupations, being by turns gardener, stevedore, stone-cutter, news-vender, and "super" in the old Bowery Theatre. Evidently he was prepared to turn his hand to any honest means of livelihood; but it was not long before he entered on his vocation, for in Longworth's *Directory of New York City*, 1829–30, we find the name of "William Gowan, book-*stall*, 119 Chatham Street; house, 750 Greenwich Street;" so that by that time he had become established, in an humble way, in the business which was to be his lifelong pursuit. Trade in second-hand books doubtless was coy and hard to win, and at the outset of his career he was obliged to seek a market for his merchandise by carrying it in a basket to the doors of his customers. In one of his rounds he chanced upon a benevolent Quaker named Blatchley, who, apparently unsolicited, loaned him the sum of $25. When, some time later, the young man came to return the money, the considerate old gentleman suggested that he might have further need of this special capital, and that he had better keep it a little longer. His benefactor lived to see him established in, and paid him frequent visits at, his Nassau Street store.

It was largely through the instrumentality of the father of Thomas Cole, the artist, who was a book-seller in a small way, that Mr. Gowans adopted the profession. He it was who initiated him into the secrets of the second-hand book trade, disclosing his manner and mode of purchase, and the profit he made upon his literary wares.

The book-stall at 119 Chatham Street (consisting of a row of shelves protected at night, and in the owner's absence during the day on his book-selling peregrinations, with wooden shutters, an iron bar and a padlock) was shortly succeed-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed by a store at 121 Chatham Street, at the corner of Pearl. In 1830 he occupied the "Arcade," between John Street and Maiden Lane.

His business ventures must have been attended with a moderate degree of success, for in 1840–41 Mr. Gowans made a visit to Europe—probably not so much on pleasure bent as with an eye to business. On his return he devoted his attention for a time to the book auction business at a place called the "Long Room," at 159 Broadway, but soon resumed his second-hand book trade, for in 1842 he was located upstairs at 204 Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Chapel. His subsequent locations, as given on the covers of his catalogues, are as follows: 1844—63 Liberty Street, upstairs; 1848—178 Fulton Street, opposite St. Paul's church-yard; 1856—81–85 Centre Street (Caxton Building); 1863—115 Nassau Street.

Mr. Gowans' store at 115 Nassau Street extended through to Theatre Alley, a distance of nearly two hundred feet. He occupied the store floor, basement, and sub-cellar, which in time became crowded with books and pamphlets from floor to ceiling. His stock grew and never diminished. Books lay everywhere in seemingly dire confusion, piled upon tables and on the floor, like Ossa upon Pelion, until they finally toppled over, and the few narrow alleys which had originally been left between the rows became well-nigh impassable. There was no artificial light in the cellar, and the book-hunter must fain grope his way—if permitted—through the bewildering maze by the light of a small tin sperm-oil lamp. The freedom of Mr. Gowans' book-store was not presented to every passer-by.

There was a certain attempt at arrangement and classification; but the owner of this vast store of printed matter could have had but an imperfect knowledge of what it contained; although I fancy that few of the real book rarities that came into his possession were overlooked, and I am quite sure that they were seldom undervalued by him. Mr. Gowans' prices when once fixed were as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. They were marked in plain figures in the front of the book, and the cost price in cipher at the bottom of the twenty-fifth page. A full list of Mr. Gowans' customers and casual visitors would go far toward supplying the material for a social register and a roll-call of the men of letters of the day.

In one of the notes with which his catalogues are interspersed, Mr. Gowans states that he frequently came in contact with John Howard Payne, and that he impressed him as a melancholy, despondent, heart-broken man. The last time he saw the poet was on the eve of his departure on his mission to the Barbary States. He said he had great difficulty in procuring his appointment, and he was compelled to pay his own expenses in going there, the government having refused to do so. Mr. Gowans was correct in his judgment when he foretold that, notwithstanding all the songs, dramas, newspaper and magazine criticisms and biographical sketches Payne had written, posterity would known him only by his single song of "Home, Sweet Home."

From Mr. Audubon, the author of the *Birds of America*, Mr. Gowans received the following interesting account of his unfortunate experience with his monumental work: "I did not sell," said Audubon, "more than forty copies of my work in England, Ireland, Scotland, and France," of which Louis Philippe took ten, and offered to subscribe for a hundred if Audubon would publish the work in Paris. Seventy-five copies were disposed of in America. The work cost £27,000 sterling, and resulted in a loss to the author of $25,000.

For eight months Mr. Gowans lived in the same house with Edgar Allan Poe. He tells us that "he saw much of, and often had opportunity to converse with him," and he testifies that he never saw him the least affected by liquor or knew him to descend to any known vice, while he was one of the most courteous, gentlemanly, and intelligent companions he had ever met with. His wife he describes as of matchless beauty and loveliness, and of a temper and disposition of surpassing sweetness, and he quotes these lines of Poe which he assumes were addressed to her:

"But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in Heaven above,
Nor the demons under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Urbanity of manner was not one of Mr. Gowans' prominent characteristics, but he could be genial and communicative when in the humour and with those who had won his esteem and confidence. He seems to have entertained no feeling of rivalry toward his brother bibliopoles. In one of his notes he refers most pleasantly and in highly complimentary terms to his neighbouring book-seller, the well-known Joseph Sabin, of whose knowledge of books he justly entertained a high opinion.

Mr. Gowans issued in all twenty-eight catalogues, the first in 1842 and the last in 1870, the year of his death. The later ones are carefully compiled and neatly printed on good paper; a few at the press of Joel Munsell, the well-known Albany printer, in his day one of the leading typographers of the country. In 1833 Mr. Gowans began publishing books, his first venture being *Phædo; or, the Immortality of the Soul*, by Plato, translated from the Greek by Charles S. Stanford. His second book was *The Phœnix*, a collection of old and rare fragments—viz., "Morals of Confucius," "Oracles of Zoroaster," etc. In addition to the foregoing he published at various periods, from 1833 down to 1870, about thirty-five volumes, including five historical reprints, which were issued under the title of Gowans' *Bibliotheca Americana*.

Mr. Gowans married, when about fifty years of age, a Miss Bradley, of New York, with whom he lived happily for ten years. She died, leaving no children. His own death came suddenly. He was stricken with apoplexy while walking in the streets on Thanksgiving eve, 1870, and died at his home, No. 13 Second Street, on the following Sunday. He was buried beside his wife in Woodlawn Cemetery, where, at the time of her death, he had purchased a plot.

The auction sale of the mass of printed matter which had accumulated at 115 Nassau Street began January 30th, 1871. The catalogue was in sixteen parts, containing 2476 pages. The sale netted about $33,000. The pecuniary result to his heirs, a brother and his children living in Kentucky, would have been still more gratifying if more books and pamphlets had been added to the eight tons which were sold for paper stock. Many of the lots brought less than the cost of cataloguing them. The expenses connected with the sale are said to have amounted to over $15,000.

W. L. Andrews.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

ENGLISH AUTHORS AND AMERICAN ROYALTIES.

A CHAT WITH MR. A. P. WATT.

It is now more than two years ago since the American Copyright Act was passed, and English authors have had most varied experience of its workings. For some it has done much more than was expected, for others much less. One popular writer tells an interviewer that in a single year he has had £2,000 from America, while another, hardly less popular, may have received not a quarter of that sum. On all hands one hears complaints of the difficulty of getting money from America. That a clever man can devise means of getting it, however, is shown by the experience of Mr. A. P. Watt, with whom our representative had a conversation on this subject.

"The Copyright Act," said Mr. Watt, "has not appreciably affected the sale of serial rights; indeed, we sometimes got larger prices for serials before the Act was passed. To book sales, on the other hand, it has made an enormous difference. Speaking, of course, for this agency only, I may say we have had no difficulty in getting money from America. I attribute this to two causes, first, to our practice of dealing only with the best American firms, and second, to the very strict and careful agreements we make with publishers. Such firms as the Appletons, Scribners, Macmillans, Longmans, Harpers, the Century Co., Houghton, Mifflin and Co., and others which will at once occur to you, never give me the slightest trouble with regard to payments. Authors who cry out that they have got nothing from America must either have been dealing with irresponsible firms, or they must have contented themselves with explanations by word of mouth, so leaving loopholes for future misunderstandings. In dealing with books, as in dealing with other property, it is most important to have all agreements written out in proper form. I need not tell you that the greatest care and judg-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment on my part is necessary in making American arrangements for my clients; in fact, I should say that the new Copyright Act made the literary agent not only a convenience, but an absolute necessity."

"But with the utmost care, Mr. Watt, do you not sometimes make mistakes and sell to shaky firms?"

"We have been remarkably fortunate in that respect," said Mr. Watt. "For example, we had only one transaction with the ill-fated firm of Lovell, and that was passed on to us to complete by a client who had practically made the arrangement himself and without our advice. Judging from what I hear, I have no hesitation in saying that our clients have secured much more American money than those authors who transact their own business in the few channels their limited experience may have brought under their notice. We have many channels in America through which we can learn about publishing houses, and we have an agent in New York who makes full inquiries where there is doubt. I remember one American publisher who asked us for a story and offered a large price for it. We did not know him, so we thought it would be safe not to send the manuscript till we received the money. We accordingly put the story in charge of our agent, with instructions not to hand it over till the price was paid. Precautions of this kind cannot so well be taken by an author acting for himself."

"Can you tell me what sums have actually been paid in American royalties?"

"I might give you the example of a very well-known book, published last year. For obvious reasons I do not care to mention the name, but I can tell you that the arrangement we made for its publication will yield the author in royalties over £1,000 on about six months' sales. The royalties for the next six months will not equal that sum, although they are sure to be large. This is by no means an isolated instance. As the new Act has now been in force for over three years, some authors have two, three or more books on which they have copyright in the States, and so may realise from American royalties alone an income running into many hundreds of pounds."

"What proportion will an author's earnings in England bear to his earnings in America?"

"A proportion of about five to three. American royalties are rather smaller and the trade discounts a trifle higher than with us. Still, you see that the money which a successful writer may expect from America bears a very fair proportion to his earnings in England."

"But are not American publishers paying these great sums at considerable sacrifice to themselves?"

"No, I think not. You see they can now acquire *property* in a book, and so afford to pay more than in the days when the pirates reprinted on them the day after an authorised version of a book appeared. Another point is that the population is very great and is increasing rapidly, and the average American is more of a book-buyer than the Englishman.

"As for magazine rights," Mr. Watt continued, "except in the case of the more popular authors, there is not a great deal to be done. I have known the time before the Copyright Act was passed when we got £1,000 in New York for the right to use a story serially, with the certainty of its being reprinted by some pirate the day after each instalment appeared. The serial market in the States has now for some years been considerably depressed, like everything else, and those prices are now a thing of the past. American magazines buy a great deal of their fiction from me. To one firm I sold the other day fiction for which they will pay my clients between £2,000 and £3,000."

"How will the new Canadian Copyright Act affect English authors?"

"The Act is not yet passed, and it would be difficult to forecast its effect. Long experience has shown me, however, that there is little to be expected from Canada. The amounts paid in royalties are so small that they are hardly worth troubling about. At present the Canadian and American rights are usually sold together."

THE THIRD FOOTE SALE.

The sale of the third portion of the library of Mr. Charles B. Foote of New York took place in Bangs' auction-rooms on the afternoon of February 20th. The collection offered was an interesting one, though the books were not of a character to bring the very high prices realised by those of the January sale. It was made up for the most part of first editions of very recent authors, some of the volumes which brought the highest prices being books which are artificially rare for the reason that but very few copies were printed. We give below a list of the most notable items, with the prices they brought. All are first editions, and in original binding, uncut, unless otherwise specified.

Arnold (M.). Saint Brandon. A small pamphlet of 11 pages. 1867. $12.00.

Arnold (M.). Geist's Grave. A similar thin pamphlet. 1881. $22 50.

Carroll (Lewis). Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Levant morocco, by Stikeman. 1866. $57.50.

Carroll (Lewis). Through the Looking-Glass. 1872. Levant morocco, by Stikeman. $15.00.

Donne (John). Poems. Calf. 1633. $40.00.

Dunlap Society Publications. A complete set, 15 vols. $30.00.

Field (Eugene). The Model Primer. 1882. $21 00.

Gale (Norman). A June Romance. Large paper. 1892. $8.50.

Gale (Norman). A Country Muse. Large paper. 1893. $6.00.

Gale (Norman). Orchard Songs. Special hand-made paper edition. 1893. $5.00.

Gale (Norman). Meadow Sweet. Only 50 copies printed. Calf. $6.50.

Gray (Thomas). Odes. The first book printed at Strawberry Hill. 1757. $25.00.

Keats (J.). Endymion. Levant morocco, by Bradstreet. 1818. $46.00.

Lamb (C.). Elia. Essays. Second series. Issued in Philadelphia several years before the second series was printed in England. 1828. $12.00.

Lang (A.). Ballads and Lyrics of Old France. 1872. $50.00.

Lang (A.) and S. H. Butcher. The Odyssey of Homer. 1879. $30.00.

Lang (A.). Theocritus, Bion and Moschus. 1880. $12.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lang (A.). XXII. Ballades in Blue China. 1880. $19.00.
Lang (A.). XXII. and X. XXXII. Ballades in Blue China. 1881. $10.50.
Lang (A.). Helen of Troy. Half morocco, uncut, by Zaehnsdorf. 1882. $27.00.
Lang (A.). Rhymes à la Mode. Large paper, and with an autograph letter inserted. 1885. $26.00.
Lang (A.). Lines on the Inaugural Meeting of the Shelley Society. A pamphlet of 26 pages, only 30 copies printed. 1886. $30.00.
Lang (A.). Aucassin and Nicolete. Large paper. 1887. $80.00.
Lang (A.). He. Large paper. 1887. $24.50.
Lang (A.). Ballades in Blue China. Large paper. First edition of many of the poems. 1888. $30.00.
Lang (A.). The Blue Poetry Book. Large paper. 1891. $11.50.
Lang (A.). The Green Fairy Book. Large paper. 1892. $11.00.
Lang (A.). The Tercentenary of Izaak Walton. Privately printed and but few copies. 1893. $30.00.
Lang (A.). The Yellow Fairy Book. Large paper. 1894. $11.00.
LeGallienne (R.). The Religion of a Literary Man. Large paper. 1893. $9.00.
Morris (W.). The Life and death of Jason. Autograph letter inserted. 1867. $14.00.
Rossetti (D. G.). The Early Italian Poets. Autograph letter inserted. 1861. $27.00.
Rossetti (D. G.). Poems. Autograph letter inserted. 1870. $29.00.
Rossetti (D. G.). Verses. A pamphlet of 14 pages. 1881. $21.00.
Rossetti (D. G.). Ballads and Sonnets. Autograph letter inserted. 1881. $18.00.
Stevenson (R. L.). Father Damien. The *genuine* original edition, privately printed in Sydney, Australia, for distribution among the author's friends. 1890. $36.50.
Thoreau (H. D.), A set of his works. 12 vols., half morocco. 1849-92. $66.00.

A complete list of prices of the January Foote sale containing the names of buyers has been printed to bind uniform with the catalogue, by the publishers of THE BOOKMAN, *and will be presented to any subscriber desiring it. To others it will be sold at* 75 *cents.*

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1895.

A noticeable feature of the opening February trade was the continued demand for text-books in all branches of study, but particularly in History and Natural Science. Library business (in which there is a sharp competition) was also very good. There is an increasing demand in this department for books on historical subjects and for fiction of the higher order.

The severe weather extending over the country during the early part of the month visibly affected sales, and orders were light. About the middle of the month, however, there was an appreciable increase of business, largely due to the fact that many buyers replenish their stock after the February inventories. The orders for the most part were for new works of fiction and for such books as may be expected to sell in the immediate future.

The demand for valentines was light. F. A. Stokes Co. brought out *A Year of Paper Dolls*, which took fairly well, and should continue to have a good sale on its merits. Gibson's *Drawings*, which has been constantly in demand and is still selling, also went very well at the valentine season.

Easter novelties have been shown, and consist of booklets, cards, and banners in the same styles as formerly. The annual revival of paper-bound books has already begun, and there is a prospect of considerable activity in this line. The fifty-cent series contains many good novels by popular authors of the day, while the twenty-five cent line is largely composed of works on which the copyright has expired or is of no effect in this country. Among the best selling of these at present are Lovell, Coryell's Belmore Series, Appleton's Town and Country Library, and A. C. Gunter's stories, published by the Home Publishing Co. at fifty cents each; the Madison Square Series, the Globe Library, and the twenty-five cent issues of one or two Chicago houses.

In connection with the above it may be said that the publication of *Chimmie Fadden*, by Edward W. Townsend, has taken the popular fancy by storm. At the time of writing the publishers are entirely out of the first edition and the trade is clamouring for more. *The First of the English*, by A. C. Gunter, just published, is also being widely called for.

To come to fiction in its more substantial form, the demand for *Trilby* is simply phenomenal, and that for *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, and *The Manxman* continues unabated. Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, Kidd's *Social Evolution*, and works on Napoleana, particularly *Madame Sans-Gêne*, are still selling well.

The general aspect of trade has been similar to that of last month, with a tendency to caution in buying, and a report of light sales, with some exceptions, is normal.

The most saleable books during the month have been:

Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.
Chimmie Fadden. By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
Madame Sans-Gêne. By Sardou. Paper, 25 and 50 cts.; cloth, 50 cts. and $2.00.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
Our Fight with Tammany. By Rev. Dr. Parkhurst. $1.25.
Round the Red Lamp. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50.
Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Revised edition, $1.50.
The First of the English. By A. C. Gunter. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.
As a Matter of Course. By Anna Payson Call. $1.00.
The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.
Father Stafford. By Anthony Hope. New edition. 75 cts.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Walter Besant. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, March 1, 1895.

February, as usual, has been a rather quiet month. During the first two weeks trade was very brisk, orders from public libraries being particularly good. Quite an unexpected demand, too, exhibited itself at almost the last moment for valentines, and during the two or three days preceding the 14th dealers were kept very busy filling orders. The last two weeks of the month have, however, been much lighter, and although orders do not appear to have fallen off in number, quantities have been much smaller. As a whole, compared with January, the month's sales show a decrease, but the record compares well with that of former years, and is quite up to the average.

No new book has appeared to displace *Trilby* in popular favour; *The Manxman* is again a good second, while the third place is taken by *The Ralstons*. Owing, no doubt, to the newspaper report of recent sensational criminal trials, in which alleged hypnotism has played an important part, there is quite a marked demand for books on this and kindred subjects. Literature of this class is pretty well represented; the work most in demand, and the one which probably covers the subject best, is the *Law of Psychic Phenomena*, by Thomas J. Hudson. A new work on hypnotism, just published, by J. R. Cooke, is also selling very well.

Each year sees an increasing demand for books on Political Economy, Social Science, Finance, the Tariff, etc., works dealing with the financial question being in especial demand just now. There is also a good deal of inquiry for works on the new Income Tax Law.

Books on China and Japan are being constantly called for, and while purely historical works and books of travel are finding ready purchasers, those which describe the condition of these countries as they are at the present day are most in demand.

In connection with the recent exhibition of C. D. Gibson's drawings in this city, there has been quite a lively interest taken in his book of sketches entitled *The American Girl*, recently published by a New York house. The demand for this work from the first so far exceeded expectation that for a time neither publishers nor book-sellers could keep the work in stock, supplies going out as fast as they were received.

A notable feature of late has been the success of the small book, many publishers now making a specialty of their 16 and 18mos. For jobbing purposes, some of these lines are almost unequalled, as they sell readily all through the year. For a long time the titles were confined to cheap reprints of old and standard works, but since the experiment of publishing copyright novels with good paper and binding in this style has proved successful, many new books are appearing in this handy size only.

Publishers are now busy preparing for the spring campaign, and very few new books of any consequence have made their *début* this month. In fact, there is not one that could be put in a list of the twenty best selling books. The full list of the spring announcements has not yet come to hand, and the few publishers' catalogues that have reached us do not call for special comment.

The appended list of books most in demand at present, it will be noticed, is almost a repetition of those mentioned last month.

Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Ralstons. By Marion Crawford. $2.00.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
The American Commonwealth. Vol. 2. By Professor Bryce. $2.00 net.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomas J. Hudson. $1.50.
Pembroke. By Miss Wilkins. $1.50.
Madame Sans-Gêne. By Sardou. 50 cts.
Sweet Clover. By Clara L. Burnham. $1 25.
The World Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting. $1.00.
A Gentleman of France. By Weyman. $1.25.
My Lady Rotha. By Weyman. $1.25.
History of the United States. By John Fiske. $1.00 net.
Round the Red Lamp. By Conan Doyle. $1.50.
The Amateur Emigrant. By Stevenson. $1.25.
Municipal Government in Great Britain. By Dr. Albert Shaw. $2.00.
Lord Ormont and his Aminta. By George Meredith. $1.50.
The Indiscretion of the Duchess. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
The Jungle Book. By Kipling. $1.50.

ENGLISH NOTES.

LONDON, January 21 to February 16, 1895.

The four weeks indicated above have not been equal to the corresponding period of the previous year. The school trade, for some reason or other, has shown a slight decrease, and the demand for general literature suffered in the stoppage of business consequent on the severity of the weather. Foreign and colonial trade continues steady, with improved demands from India.

A prominent feature of the trade just now is the sale of Albums of Views, reproduced from photographs. They are issued in oblong folio form, and usually at sixpence each. All have been freely inquired for, and one of the most popular and beautiful is *The Descriptive Album of London*. It is certain that tens of thousands must be sold to enable this class of work to be produced at the price.

Among fashion magazines, the publication of Mrs. Weldon's threepenny and penny journals and the *Practical Family Dressmaker* appears to be seriously curtailing the sales of the older and higher-priced periodicals of this class.

The *Windsor Magazine* and the *Minster* have already shown their *raison d'être*, by the demand for the February issues. The *Strand Magazine* and *Woman at Home* are as popular as ever, having each found a public of its own, without noticeably affecting the sale of the older established family magazines. *Chambers's Journal* retains all the vigour of youth, while its character remains uualtered. It looks as if it may be well in some instances to disregard the popular taste for literature that is easily read. Miss Braddon's novels in the two-shilling "yellow-back" style are still in as great favour as ever, judging by the orders in hand for the cheap issue of *Thou art the Man*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Appended is a list of the more popular books at the time of writing :

The Trail of the Sword. By G. Parker. 6s.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
The Lilac Sunbonnet. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By W. Besant. 6s.
My Lady Rotha. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Kitty Alone. By S. Baring Gould. 6s.
A Blameless Woman. By John Strange Winter. 6s.
The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. By A. W. Pinero. 5s.
The Woman who Did. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net.
The Treasure Island. By R. L. Stevenson. 3s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between February 1 and March 1, 1895.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. Indiscretion of the Duchess. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)
5. Devil's Playground. By John Mackie. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)
5. Municipal Government. By Albert Shaw. $2.00. (Century .)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Amateur Emigrant. By Stevenson. $1.25. (Stone and Kimball.)
2. Honour of Savelli. By S. L. Yeats. $1.00. (Appleton.)
3. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Midst of Alarms. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)

BOSTON, Mass.

1. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
2. Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth. By Hare. $4.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
3. As a Matter of Course. By A. P. Call. $1.00. (Roberts.)
4. Municipal Government in Great Britain. By Shaw. $2.00. (Century.)
5. Century of Charades By Bellamy. $1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
6. Social Evolution. By Kidd. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Kentucky Cardinal. By J. L. Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Amateur Emigrant. By Stevenson. $1.25. (Stone and Kimball.)
6. Sans-Gêne. By Sardou. 50 cts. (Home Pub. Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. In the Midst of Alarms. By Robert Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
3. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Recollections of Life in Ohio, 1813–40. By W. C. Howells. Editedby W. D. Howells. $2.00. (The Robert Clarke Co.)
5. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. Trans-Caspia, the Sealed Provinces of the Czar. By M. M. Shoemaker. $1.50. (The Robert Clarke Co)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Honour of Savelli. By S. L. Yeats. $1.00. (Appleton.)
5. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Amateur Emigrant. By R. L. Stevenson. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. American Commonwealth. Vol. II. By Bryce. $2.25. (Macmillan.)
6. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

HARTFORD, CT.

1. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Lilac Sunbonnet By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Kentucky Cardinal. By James Lane Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
4. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Ebb-Tide. By R. L. Stevenson. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
2. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Play-Actress. By Crockett. $1.00. (Putnam.)
4. Kentucky Cardinal. By James Lane Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Philip and His Wife. By M. Deland. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
3. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Indiscretion of the Duchess. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. 6000 Tons of Gold. By H. R. Chamberlain. $1.25. (Flood & Vincent.)
6. Amateur Emigrant. By Stevenson. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

NEW HAVEN CT.

1. Amateur Emigrant. By R. L. Stevenson. $1.25 net. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. From a New England Hillside. By Wm. Potts. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
3. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Century of Charades. By Wm. Bellamy. $1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

PITTSBURGH, PA.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Devil's Playground. By Mackie. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
5. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Sweet Clover. By C. L. Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Dolly Dialogues. By Hope. 25 cts. (Holt.)
5. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. The Deemster. By Hall Caine. 25 cts. (Appleton.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Life of Martin B. Anderson. By A. C. Kendrick. $1.50. (Am. Bapt. Pub. Soc.)
2. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. American Commonwealth. Vol. II. By Bryce. $2.25 net. (Macmillan.)
4. Sans-Gêne. By Sardou. 50 cts. (Home Book Co.)
5. Philip and His Wife. By M. Deland. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
6. Honour of Savelli. By S. L. Yeats. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

Demand for Trilby, Manxman, and Ascent of Man still continues unabated.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Sans-Gêne. By Sardou. 50 cts. (Home Book Co.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Men Born Equal. By Harry P. Robinson. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. The Despotic Lady. By W. E. Norris. $1.00. (Lippincott.)
5. The Phantoms of the Foot-Bridge. By Craddock. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Walter Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. A Suburban Pastoral. By Beers. 75 cts. (Holt.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. A Son of Hagar. By Hall Caine. $1.00. (Fenno.)
6. More Short Sixes. By Bunner. $1.00. (Keppler & Schwarzmann.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Hon. Peter Sterling. By J. L. Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. The Dolly Dialogues. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. When All the Woods are Green. By S. Weir Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
6. The Honour of Savelli. By S. L. Yeats. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Around the Red Lamp. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Amateur Emigrant. By Stevenson. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Geo. Wm. Curtis. By Edward Cary. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABBOTT, L.—Christian Worker's Illustrated New Testament Commentary. New Handy Edition, 5 vols, 12mo, $7.50; New Household Edition, 3 vols, 8vo, $7.50.....Barnes

ALLEN, A. V. G.—The Continuity of Christian Thought: a Study of Modern Theology in the Light of History. 12mo, $2.00 Houghton

BALFOUR, A. J.—The Foundations of Belief: being Notes Introductory to the Study of Theology. 12mo, pp. viii–366, $2.00 Longmans

BALFOUR, R. C.—Central Truths and Side Issues. 12mo, pp. 238, $1.50.....Scribner

BANKS, L. A.—Heavenly Trade-winds. 12mo, pp. iv–351, $1.25.....Cranston & Curts

BEYSCHLAG, W.—New Testament Theology. Translated by Rev. N. Buchanan. 2 vols, 8vo, pp. 419; 522, $6.00 *net*.....Scribner

BLACKIE, J. S.—The Ideal of Humanity in Old Times and New. 12mo, pp. 201, $1.00 Revell

BOYD, A. K. H.—St. Andrews and Elsewhere: Glimpses of some Things gone and of Things left. 8vo, pp. xiii–384, $2.40.....Longmans

COMEGYS, B. B.—Thirteen Weeks of Prayers for the Family. 12mo, pp. 234, 75 cents Revell

Confession (A) of Faith by an Unorthodox Believer. 16mo, pp. 194, $1.25.....Macmillan

GORDON, A. J.—The Ministry of the Spirit. With an Introduction by F. B. Meyer. 12mo, pp. xviii–225, $1.00.....American Baptist

HILEY, R. W.—A Year's Sermons; Based upon some of the Scriptures appointed for each Sunday Morning. 2 vols, 12mo, pp. iv–336; iii–381, $2.00.....Longmans

HOWE, R. H.—Quadragesima; or, Thoughts for each Day in Lent. 12mo, pp. 160, $1.00 *net*.....Whittaker

LAWRENCE, E. A,—Modern Missions in the East, their Methods, Successes and Imitations. 12mo, pp. xvi–329, $1.75.....Harper

LOVE, W. DE L. JR.—The Fast and Thanksgiving Days of New England. 8vo, pp., $3.00 *net*.....Houghton

MACCOLL, MALCOLM.—Life Here and Hereafter; Sermons preached in Ripon Cathedral and Elsewhere. 12mo, pp. xii–405, $2.25 Longmans

MACMILLAN, HUGH.—The Daisies of Nazareth. 12mo, pp. 255, $1.50.....Revell

MCCONNELL, S. D.—Sermon Stuff. Second Series. 12mo, pp. vii–228, $1.00 *net*.....Whittaker

MAMREOV, P. v. F., ANNA F. and B. A. F.—Iesat Nassar: the Story of the Life of Jesus the Nazarene. Square 12mo, pp. iii–713, $2.00 Sunrise Pub. Co.

MATHESON, G.—Searchings in the Silence. Series of Devotional Meditations. 12mo, pp. iv–240, $1.00.....Randolph

MERCER, A. G.—He Being Dead, yet Speaketh, and other Sermons. 12mo, pp. vi–327, $1.50 Randolph

MUIR, SIR W.—The Beacon of Truth; or, Testimony of the Koran to the Truth of the Christian Religion. 12mo, pp. 156..Revell

PAGET, F.—Studies in the Christian Character: Sermons. 12mo, pp. xxxvi–258, $1.75 Longmans

RENAN, E.—History of the People of Israel. In 4 vols. Vol. IV. 8vo, pp. vi–354, $2.50 Roberts

SATTERLEE. HENRY Y.—A Creedless Gospel and the Gospel Creed. 12mo, pp. xiii–522, $2.00 Scribners

TRENCH, G. F.—After the Thousand Years: the Glorious Reign of Christ as Son of Man. 8vo, pp. 120, $1.00.....Revell

WACE, H.—Christianity and Agnosticism. 8vo, pp. xxvii–339, $2.50.....Whittaker

WATKINS, O. D.—*Holy Matrimony*: a Treatise on the Divine Laws of Marriage. 8vo, pp. 717, $5.00.....Macmillan

WATSON, J.—Comte, Mill, and Spencer: an Outline of Philosophy. 12mo, pp. 302, $1.75 *net*.....Macmillan

WILSON, REV. S. J.—Occasional Addresses and Sermons. 12mo, pp. lvi–359, $1.25 *net*. Dodd, Mead

WHEELER, W. W.—Rest. 12mo, pp. iii–280, $1.25; paper, 50 cents.....Arena Pub. Co.

WINDLEBAND, W.—History of Philosophy; with especial reference to the development of its problems and Concepts. Translated by J. A. Tufts. 8vo, $4.00 *net*.....Macmillan

FICTION.

BASSETT, G.—Hippolyte and Golden-Beak. Two Stories. 16mo, pp. viii–227, $1.25..Harper

BEALE, MARIA.—Jack O'Doon: a Novel. Narrow 16mo, pp. ii–277, 75 cents.....Holt

BEHRENS, BERTHA ["W. Heimburg"].—For Another's Wrong. A Novel. Translated by A. W. Ayer and H. T. Slate. 12mo, pp. iv–358, $1.25; paper, 50 cents.....Bonner

BESANT, W.—Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. A Novel. 12mo, pp. iv–337, $1.50..Harper

BOLDREWOOD (ROLF). [T. A. BROWNE.]—The Sphinx of Eaglehawk: a Tale of Old Bendigo. 16mo, pp. 129, 75 cents.....Macmillan

BUNNER, H. C.—More "Short Sixes." 16mo, pp. 229, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.....Keppler

CAINE, HALL.—A Son of Hagar. 12mo, pp. iv–354, $1.00.....Fenno

CARRINGTON, EDITH.—Five Stars in a Little Pool. 12mo, pp. v–405, $1.25 Amer. Tract Soc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CARRUTH (HAYDEN).—The Adventures of Jones. 16mo, pp. 123, $1.00.....Harper

CHAPPLE, J. M.—The Minor Chord; a Story of a Prima Donna. 12mo, paper, pp. ii–223, 50 cents.....Neely

CLEMENS, S. L. ["MARK TWAIN."]—The Tragedy of Pudd'n head Wilson and the Comedy of those extraordinary Twins. 8vo, pp. 432, $2.50.....American Pub. Co.

COBBE, W. R.—Doctor Judas: a Portrayal of the Opium Habit. 12mo, pp. ii–320, $1.50 Griggs

CURRIE, FRANCES I.—A Breath of Suspicion; a Novel. 12mo, paper, pp. 288, 50 cents Webb

DALLAS, MRS. MARY K.—Billtry. 12mo, paper, pp. v–133, 50 cents.....Merriam

DOUBLE, LUKE.—Won by a Bicycle; or, a Race for a Wife. 12mo, paper, pp. 191, 50 cents Greater Boston Pub. Co.

DOWIE, MENIE M.—Gallia. 12mo, pp. 313, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.....Lippincott

DOYLE, A. CONAN.—The Captain of the Pole Star and Other Tales. Seventh edition. 12mo, pp. 315, $1.25.....Longmans

EDGEWORTH, MARIA.—Castle Rackrent and the Absentee. With Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. 12mo, pp. 382, $1.25 Macmillan

EGERTON, G.—Discords. 16mo, $1.00..Roberts

FLETCHER, J. S.—The Wonderful Wappentake, 8vo, pp. 250, $2.00.....McClurg

GRAHAM, MRS. MARGARET C.—Stories of the Foot-hills. 12mo, pp. iii–262, $1.25 Houghton

HATCH, MRS. MARY R. P.—The Strange Disappearance of Eugene Comstocks. 12mo, paper, pp. iv–307, 50 cents G. W. Dillingham

HAYNES, E. J.—A Farm-House Cobweb. A Novel. 12mo, pp. 261, $1.25...,....Harper

HILTON, H.—His Egyptian Wife: an Anglo-Egyptian Romance. 12mo, pp. iv–214, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.....Home Book Co.

HOBBES, JOHN OLIVER.—A Bundle of Life. 16mo, 50 cents.....Cassell

HOPE, ANTHONY.—A Man of Mark. 16mo, pp. 231, 75 cents.....Holt

HOWELLS, W. D.—A Traveller from Altruria. New edition. 8vo, paper, 50 cents...Harper

HUME, F. W.—The Lone Inn: a Mystery. 16mo, pp. iii–195, 50 cents.....Cassell

JACOBS, ESTHER.—Love and Law: a Story of Joy and Woe in a Singer's Life. 12mo, paper, pp. iii–243, 50 cents.....G. W. Dillingham

JORDAN, L.—Drilby Re-versed. 12mo, paper, 50 cents.....G. W. Dillingham

KYLE, RUBY BERYLE.—Paul St. Paul, a Son of the People: a Novel. 12mo, pp. ii–248, $1.25; paper, 50 cents.....Moulton

LAUDER, MRS. MARIA E.—At Last. 12mo, pp. ii–310, $1.50.....Moulton

LEIGH, M. H. C.—Little Orphans; or, the Story of Trudchen and Darling. 12mo, pp. 256, $1.00.....Nelson

MCCARTHY, JUSTIN H.—A Woman of Impulse. 12mo, pp. v–314, $1.00; paper, 50 cents Putnam

MACKIE, J.—The Devil's Playground: a Story of the Wild Northwest. 12mo, pp. iii–246, 75 cents.....Stokes

MACQUOID, MRS. KATHERINE S.—Berris. 12mo, pp. iii–286, 50 cents.....U. S. Book Co.

MEINHOLD, W.—The Amber Witch: a Romance. Translated by Lady Duff Gordon. 12mo, pp. xxxviii–221, $2.50.....Scribner

MEREDITH, G.—The Tale of Chloe—the House on the Beach—The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper. 12mo, pp. 345, $1.50 Ward, Lock

MURFREE, MARY N. ["Charles Egbert Craddock."]—The Phantoms of the Foot-Bridge and Other Stories. 12mo, pp. 353, $1.50 Harper

OXLEY, J. M.—My Strange Rescue, and other Stories of Sport and Adventure in Canada. 12mo, pp. 368, $1.25.....Nelson

PAINE, A. B.—The Mystery of Evelin Delorme: a Hypnotic Story. Narrow 12mo, pp. ii–129, 75 cents.....Arena Pub. Co.

PETERSON, M.—A Modern Despotism: a true Story of American Political Life in 1893. 12mo, pp. iii–312, $1.25; paper, 50 cents Moulton

ROBERTSON, M. A.—A Tale of a Halo. Square 16mo, paper, 50 cents.....Truth Seeker Co.

ROBINSON, HARRY P.—Men Born Equal. A Novel. 12mo, pp. 373, $1.25.....Harper

Schoolmaster (The) in Comedy and Satire. 8vo, pp. 592, $1.40 *net*.....Amer. Book Co.

SOLOVYOFF, V. S.—A Modern Priestess of Isis. From the Russian, by Walter Leaf. 12mo, pp. xxiv–336, $2.00.....Longmans

STOCKTON, J. P.—Zaphra: a Story of To-day. 12mo, pp. 95, $1.00; paper, 50 cents Arena Pub. Co.

STRAPAROLA, G. F.—Nights. Now first translated into English by W. G. Waters. 2 vols., 4to, $25.00..... .....Scribner

STREET, G. S.—Episodes. Narrow 16mo, pp. ii–169, 75 cents.....Merriam

SUTTON, ELIZABETH M.—Celeste: a Novel. 12mo, paper, pp. vi–313, 50 cents G. W. Dillingham

TALLMAN, G. D.—Caught: a Romance of Three Days. 12mo, paper, pp. iii–284, 50 cents G. W. Dillingham

TOWNSEND, E. W.—Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and other Stories. 12mo, pp. v–346, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.....Lovell Coryell

WARDEN (FLORENCE).—Kitty's Engagement. A Novel. 12mo, paper, pp. vi–298, 50 cents Appleton

WEST, B. B.—Sir Simon Vanderpetter and Mending his Ancestors. Two Reformations. 12mo, pp. 252, $1.75..... ...Longmans

YEATS, S. L.—The Honour of Savelli; a Romance. 12mo, pp. v–314, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.....Appleton

POETRY, MUSIC, ETC.

BOLTON (MRS. SARAH K.).—The Inevitable, and other Poems. 16mo, pp. vi–100, $1.00 Crowell

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROWN, E. W.—The Divine Indwelling. 12mo, pp. 315, $1.25.....Revell

DAVIDSON, J.—Ballads and Songs. 16mo, pp. vi–128, $1.50.....Copeland

GILBERT, W. S.—Original Plays. Third Series. 16mo, pp. 453, $1.25.....Scribner

GOSSE, EDMUND.—In Russett and Silver. 16mo, $1.25 *net*.....Stone & K.

GEIFFITHS, J. R.—Musicians and their Compositions. 12mo, pp. 160, 75 cents.....Revell

ROSEWALD, J. H.—The Musician's Leisure Hour. 16mo, pp. iv–260, $1.25.....Moulton

SCHELLING, F. E.—A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics. 12mo, pp. lxix–327, $1.25.....Ginn

SHARP, W.—Vistas. 16mo, $1.25....Stone & K.

SOUTHEY, R.—Poems; chosen and arranged by Edward Dowden. 16mo, pp. 220, $1.00 Macmillan

VEEDER, EMILY E.—In the Garden and other Poems. 16mo, pp. 104, $1.00....Lippincott

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

ATCHINSON, RENA M.—Un-American Immigration: its Present Effects and Future Perils. 8vo, pp. 199, $1.25.....Kerr

BALLANTINE, H.—On India's frontier; or, Nepal the Gurkhas' Mysterious Land. 12mo. pp. iv–192, $2.50.....Tait

BISHOP (ISABELLA BIRD).—Among the Tibetans. 12mo, pp. 159, $1.00.....Revell

BRADFORD, T. L.—The Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Hahnemann. 8vo, pp. vii–513, $2.50 *net*.....Boericke

BUCKLAND, A. R.—John Horden, Missionary Bishop; a Life on the Shores of Hudson's Bay. 16mo, pp. vi–141, 50 cents. Whittaker

BURN, R.—Ancient Rome and its Neighborhood. 12mo, pp. 292, $2.25.....Macmillan

CALL, R. E.—The Life and Writings of Rafinesque. Folio, paper, pp. x–227, $2.50 *net* Morton

CUNNINGHAM, W. and MCARTHUR, ELLEN A.—Outlines of English Industrial History. 12mo, $1.50.....Macmillan

GEIKE, SIR ARCHIBALD.—Memoir of Sir Andrew Crombie Ramsay. 8vo, pp. 397, $4.00 *net* Macmillan

GIBBS, M. B.—Military Career of Napoleon the Great. 12mo, half morocco, pp. iii–514, $1.25 Werner

HALL, BASIL, Voyage and Travels of.—8vo, pp. 388, $2.00.....Nelson

HAMMOND, B. E.—The Political Institutions of the Ancient Greeks. 8vo, pp. 122, $1.25 *net* Macmillan

HOLMES, F. M.—Engineers and their Triumphs. 12mo, pp. 160, 75 cents.....Revell

HOWELLS, W. C.—Recollections of Life in Ohio, from 1813-1840; with an Introduction by W. D. Howells. 8vo, pp. xiv–207, $2.00 Robert Clarke Co.

JERROLD, W.—Electricians and their Marvels. 12mo, pp. 160, 75 cents.....Revell

JUSSERAND, J. J.—A Literary History of the English People. From the Origins to the Renaissance. 8vo, pp. xxii–545, $3.50 Putnam

JOHNSON, H. U.—From Dixie to Canada: Romances and Realities of the Underground Railroad. 16mo, pp. ii–194, $1.00. Moulton

KENDRICK, A. C., and others.—Martin B. Anderson: a Biography. 12mo, pp. iii–295, $1.50.....American Baptist

LANSDELL, H.—Chinese Central Asia: a ride to Little Thibet. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. xl–456; xvi–512, $5.00.....Scribner

LANDOR, H. S.—Corea, or Cho-sen. 8vo. pp. viii–304, $4.50.....Macmillan

MOULTON, LOUISE C.—Arthur O'Shaughnessy: his Life and Work, with Selections from his Poems. 18mo, $1.25.....Stone & K

PATON, MRS. J. G.—Letters and Sketches from the New Hebrides. 8vo, pp. 382, $1.75 Armstrong

PERL, H.—Venezia: adapted from the German by Mrs. Arthur Bell. Folio, pp. vii–248. $12.50.....Scribner

PETRIE, W. M. F.—Ten Years' Digging in Egypt, 1881–91. 12mo, pp. 201, $1.50 Revell

RENDER, W. H.—Through Prison Bars: the Life and Labors of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry. 12mo, pp. 160, 75 cents...Revell

RUSSELL. W. H.—The Great War with Russia: the Invasion of the Crimea. A personal Retrospect. 12mo, pp. ix–324, $2.00 Routledge

SARGENT, H. H.—Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign. With Comments. 12mo, pp. 231, $1.50.....McClurg

SHARPE, R. R.—London and the Kingdom: a History, derived mainly from the Archives at Guildhall. In 3 vols. Vol. II. 12mo, pp. xi–650, $3.50.....Longmans

SHOEMAKER, M. M.—Trans-Caspia: the sealed Provinces of the Czar. 12mo, pp. vi–310, $1.50.....Rob't Clarke

SMITH, A. H.—Chinese Characteristics. Third Edition, revised. 8vo, pp. 342, $2.00. Revell

VILLARI, PASQUALE.—The Two First Centuries of Florentine History. Translated by Linda Villari. 8vo, pp. vi–365, $3.75....Scribner

WILSON, E. S.—An Oriental Outing: being a Narrative of a Cruise along the Mediterranean and of Visits to Historic Cities. 12mo, pp. 294. $1.00.....Cranston & Curts

WOLFF, H. W.—Odd Bits of History: being Short chapters intended to fill some Blanks. 8vo, pp. iv–267, $2.75.....Longmans

SCIENCE, ART, POLITICAL ECONOMY, FOLK LORE, ETC.

ARISTOTLE.—The Politics of Aristotle, Books 1 to 5, with Introduction and Commentary by F. Susemihl and R. D. Hicks. 8vo, pp. 689, $6.00.....Macmillan

ARNOLD, J. O.—Steel Works analysis. 12mo, pp. 350, $3.00.....Macmillan

BAIN, R. N.—Cossack Fairy Tales and Folk Tales. 8vo, pp. xii–290, $2.40....Scribner

BATCHELOR, J.—The Ainu of Japan: the religion, Superstitions, and General History of the Hairy Aborigines of Japan. 12mo, $1.50.....Revell

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRINTON, D. G.—A Primer of Mayan Hieroglyphics. 8vo, pp. iii–152, $1.20 *net*....Ginn

COCKE, J. R.—Hypnotism; how it is done, its Uses and Dangers. 12mo, pp. v–373, $1.50 Arena Pub. Co.

DAVIES, N. E. Y.—Health and Condition in the Active and Sedentary. 12mo, $2.00...Stokes

DYE, F.—Popular Engineering: being Interesting and Instructive Examples in Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, Chemical, Mining, Military, and Naval Engineering. 4to, pp. viii–469, $3.00 *net*.....Spon

FONDA, A. I.—Honest Money. 12mo, pp. xii–209, $1.00.....Macmillan

FORTIER, ALCEE.—Louisiana Folk-Tales in French Dialect and English Translation. 8vo, pp. ix–122, $2.00 *net*.....Houghton

FURNEAUX, W. S.—Butterflies and Moths. 8vo. pp. xiv–358, $3.50.....Longmans

FURTWANGLER, ADOLF.—Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture: A Series of Essays on the History of Art. Folio, pp. xxiii–487, $15.00 *net*. Scribner

GEIKE, J.—The Great Ice Age. New Revised Edition. 8vo, $7.50.....Appleton

HARVEY, F. J.—The Teacher's Manual of Physical Exercises. Oblong 12mo, pp. iv–166, $1.25.....Longmans

HEYSINGER, I. W.—The Source and Mode of Solar Energy throughout the Universe. 12mo, pp. 363, $2.00.....Lippincott

JORDAN, D. S.—The Factors in Organic Evolution. 12mo, pp. vi–149, $1.50.....Ginn

LEASE, MRS. MARY E.—The Problem of Civilization Solved. 12mo, paper, pp. 377. 50 cents.....Laird & Lee

ORFORD, H.—Lens-work for Amateurs. 16mo. pp. 231, 80 cents.....Macmillan

PALMER, F. L.—The Wealth of Labor. 12mo, pp. xxii–219, $1.00.....Baker & T. Co.

PARKER, G. W.—Elements of Astronomy. 8vo, pp. vi–236, $1.75.....Longmans

RICARDO, DAVID.—The First Six Chapters of Political Economy and Taxation. 1817. 16mo, pp. xii–118.....Macmillan

RUSSELL, T.—Meteorology; Weather, Periods of forecasting, etc. 8vo, $4.00 *net*. Macmillan

WAGNER, L.—Manners, Customs, and Observances; their Origin and Signification. 12mo, pp. 14–318, $1.75.....Macmillan

WALLACE, A.—Popular Sayings Dissected. Narrow 16mo, pp. iv–168, 75 cents.....Stokes

MISCELLANEOUS.

Book-Plate Annual and Armorial Year-book. 1895. 4to, pp. 52, $1.75 *net*.....Macmillan

Bookworm (The).—Seventh Series: an Illustrated Treasury of Oldtime Literature. 8vo, $3.00.....Armstrong

BUTCHER (S. H.).—Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art. With a Critical Text and a Translation of the Poetics. 8vo, pp. xix–384, $3.25.....Macmillan

COLLINS, J. C.—Essays and Studies. 8vo, pp. 369, $3.00 *net*.....Macmillan

CORSON, H.—The Aims of Literary Study. 18mo, 75 cents.....Macmillan

DEVARIGNY, C.—The Women of the United States. Translated from the French by Arabella Ward. 12mo, pp. iv–277, $1.25 Dodd, Mead

DYER, T. F. THISELTON.—Strange Pages from Family Papers. 12mo, pp. vi–318, $1.50 Dodd, Mead

FOWLER, W. W.—Summer Studies of Birds and Books. 12mo, pp. 288, $1.75....Macmillan

GIBSON, H.—Tobogganing on Crooked Runs; with contributions by F. de B. Strickland and "Lady Tobogganer." 12mo, xiv–254, $1.75.....Longmans

HOLCOMBE, CHESTER.—The Real Chinaman. 12mo, pp. xx–350, $2.00.....Dodd, Mead

JEUNE, LADY.—Lesser Questions. 12mo, pp. 291, $1.75.....Dodd, Mead

LARNED, MISS AUGUSTA.—In Woods and Fields. 16mo, pp. v–157, $1.00.....Putnam

MASSINGHAM, H. W.—The London Daily Press. 12mo, pp. 192, $1.00.....Revell

MINTO, WILLIAM.—The Literature of the Georgian Era. Edited with an Introduction by William Knight. 12mo, pp. lvi–365, $1.50 Harper

PAULSEN, F.—The German Universities, their Character and Historical Development. Translated by E. D. Perry, with an Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. 12mo, pp. xxxi–254, $2.00.....Macmillan

PECK, H. T. and ARROWSMITH, R.—Roman Life in Latin Prose and Verse: Illustrative Readings from Latin Literature. 12mo, pp. 256, $1.50 *net*.....American Book Co.

PERKINS, MARY H.—From my Corner; Looking at Life in Sunshine and Shadows. 16mo, pp. ii–206, 50 cents.....Randolph

PIERSON, A. T.—Life-Power; or, Character, Culture and Conduct. 12mo, pp. v–214, $1.00.....Revell

POTTS, W.—From a New England Hillside: Notes from Underledge. 24mo, pp. iii–305, 75 cents.....Macmillan

TENBRINK, BERNHARD.—Five Lectures on Shakespeare. Translated by Julia Franklin. 12mo, pp. iii–245, $1.25.....Holt

TROTTER, S.—Lessons in the New Geography for Student and Teacher. 12mo, pp. viii–182, $1.00.....Heath

TYRRELL, R. Y.—Latin Poetry: Lectures delivered in the Johns Hopkins University. 12mo, pp. xxiii–323, $1.50.....Houghton

WARREN, F. M.—A History of the Novel Previous to the Seventeenth Century. 12mo, pp. xii–361, $1.75.....Holt

WILLARD, J. A.—Half a Century with Judges and Lawyers. 12mo, pp. v–371, $1.25 Houghton

Woman in the Business World; or, Helps and Hints to Prosperity. 12mo, pp. 322, $1.75; paper, 50 cents.....Arena Pub. Co.

Yellow Book (The): An Illustrated Quarterly. Vol. IV. January, 1895. Crown 4to, boards, pp. 285, $1.50 *net*.....Copeland

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENGLISH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ARISTOTLE.—Ethics for Pass Men, by W. G. POGSON SMITH, 2/- *net*.....Blackwell

BALFOUR, Right Hon. A. J.—The Foundations of Belief, 12/6.....Longmans

BROOKS, Right Rev. P.—Lectures on Preaching; Influence of Jesus, 5/- each Dickinson

CAMPBELL, The late Dean.—Studies in Biblical and Ecclesiastical Subjects.....Stock

DAVIS, J. D.—Genesis and Semitic Tradition, 4/6.....Nutt

Expositor's Bible: Book of Daniel, by F. W. Farrar, 1/6.....Hodder

Four Gospels (The), as Historical Records, 15/- Williams & Norgate

GREGORY, S.—Among the Roses, and other Sermons to Children, 3/6.....W. C. O.

Gospel of the Kingdom (The), Five Advent Sermons.....Stock

Great Problem (The), by J. S.....Stock

HUNTER, S. J.—Outlines of Dogmatic Theology, vol. 1, 6/6.....Longmans

KENNEDY, J.—On the Book of Jonah, a Monograph, 3/-.....Alexander & Shepheard

LORIMER, G. C.—The Arguments for Christianity, 7/-.....Baptist Tract Society

MERRILL, Rev. G. E.—The Parchments of the Faith, 4/6.....Baptist Tract Society

PHILLIPS, M.—The Teaching of the Vedas, What Light does it throw on the Origin of Religion? 6/-.....Longmans

ROMANES, G. J.—Thoughts on Religion, edited by C. GORE, 4/6.....Longmans

SOMERVILLE, Rev. T.—Am I my Brother's Keeper?.....Robertson

WATKINS, O. D.—Holy Matrimony, a Treatise on the Divine Laws of Marriage, 25/- Rivington

FICTION.

ALEXANDER, Mrs.—What Gold cannot Buy, a Novel, 2/6.....White

AMYAND, A.—With Rank and File, 3/6..Osgood

BAINTON, G.—The Wife as Lover and Friend, 2/6

BENSON, M.—Subject to Vanity, 3/6...Methuen

BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, J.—The Hispaniola Plate, 1683-1893, 6/-.....Cassell

CHRISTIAN, S.—Lydia, 2/6.....Low

COMPTON, H.—A Free Lance in a Far Land, 6/- Cassell

Confessions of AMOS TODD, Adventurer (The), 3/6.....Unwin

COPNER, J.—A Tale of Two Curates, 3/6..Digby

FENN, G. M.—The Queen's Scarlet, being the Adventures and Misadventures of Sir R. Frayne, 5/-.....Cassell

KEANE, H.—The Faded Poppy, 6/- Hodder Bros.

LE CLERC, M. E.—Robert Carroll, 3/6 Hurst & Blackett

MACINNES, A. A.—Straight as a Line, an Australian Sporting Story, 2/-.....Routledge

MATHERS, H.—A Man of To-day, 2/6....White

PAPILLON, T.—Alleyne: A Story of a Dream and a Failure, 6/-.....Unwin

Passion's Puppets, 6/-.....Hutchinson

PHILIPS, F. C.—One Never Knows, 2/6 Ward & Downey

REA, A.—Dalefolk, 3 vols., 21/- Hurst & Blackett

RITCHIE, J. E.—Crying for the Light, or Fifty Years Ago, 3 vols., 18/-.....Jarrold

SMITH, J.—Old Brown's Cottages. Pseudonym Library, 1/6.....Unwin

VALLINGS, H.—A Parson at Bay, 6/-....Bentley

WOODGATE, W. B.—Tandem, a Novel, 2 vols., 14/-.....Hurst & Blackett

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BROTHERTON, M.—Rosemary for Remembrance, 3/6.....Lane

BURNS (The Lyrical Poems of), edited by E. RHYS, 2/6 *net*.....Dent

Chaucer (The Student's), edited by Rev. W. W. SKEAT, 7/6.....Oxford Press

COUCH, A. T. Q.—The Golden Pomp, 6/- Methuen

DE TABLEY, Lord—Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical, 5/-.....Lane

FOSTER, W.—The Legend of Lohengrin, 5/- UNWIN

FREYTAG, Dr. G.—Technique of the Drama, translated by E. J. MACEWAN, 7/6.....Paul

HEINEMANN, W.—The First Step, a Dramatic Moment, 3/6.....Lane

MAVOR, W. S.—In Leisure Time, a Booklet of Verse, 5/-.....Stock

PINERO, A. W.—The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, 5/-.....Heinemann

ROGERS, A.—The Ráni of Jhánsi, or the Widowed Queen, a Play, 5/-.....Constable

Southey's Poems, edited by E. DOWDEN, 2/6 *net* Macmillan

TABB, J. B.—Poems, 4/6 *net*.....Lane

THOMSON, JAMES.—Poetical Works, edited by B. Dobell, 2 vols., 12/6.....Reeves & Turner

TYSSEN, A. D.—The Birth of Islam, a Dramatic Poem, 5/- *net*.....Unwin

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

BRACE, CHAS. LORING.—Life of, chiefly told in his own Letters, edited by his Daughter, 8/6.....Low

BROWNE, E. H.—Bishop of Winchester, a Memoir, by G. W. KITCHIN, 18/-...Murray

BURKE, U. R.—A History of Spain, 2 vols., 32/- Longmans

Castle Line Atlas of South Africa, 3/6....Philip

COMPTON, T.—William Cookworthy, 5/-..Hicks

CROSS, F. J.—Beneath the Banner, 1/- and 2/- Cassell

FRERE, Sir B.—Life and Correspondence, by J. MARTINEAU 2 vols., 32/-.....Murray

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAIG, Major-General.—The Indus Delta Country, 5/- *net*.....Paul

HINDS, A. B.—The Making of the England of Elizabeth, 4/6.....Rivington

KILBY, H.—Trips. Illustrated, 2/6...Allenson

MURRAY, J.—How to Live in Tropical Africa, 5/- *net*.....Philip

NEWELL, E. J.—A History of the Welsh Church Stock

RAMSAY, Sir A. C.—Memoir of, by Sir A. GEIKIE, 12/6 *net*.....Macmillan

SHAW, W. A.—The History of Currency, 1252 to 1894, 15/-.....Wilsons & Milne

TOWER, C.—The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution, 2 vols., 42/- Lippincott

Warwick (Sir Robert Dudley, Earl of) Life of, by J. T. LEADER, 30/- *net*.....Williams

WEST, R. T.—A Record of Life and Work, by Rev. T. T. CARTER, 3/6.....Masters

WILMOT, Hon. A.—The Story of the Expansion of Africa, 5/-.....Unwin

SCIENCE, ART, PHILOLOGY, FOLK-LORE, ETC.

ABNEY, Capt. W. de W.—Coloured Vision, being the Tyndal Lectures, 1894, 12/6..... Low

Amateur's Handbook on Gardening, 2/6 *net* Simpkin

Book-Prices Current, vol. 8, 27/6.....Stock

CALDERWOOD, W. L.—Mussel Culture and the Bait Supply, 2/6.....Macmillan

CRAVEN, Rev. T.—The Royal Dictionary, Hindustani and English, 2 vols., 10/6.....Bell

Euripides' Iphigenia in Tauris, performed by Members of the University at Cambridge, drawn by FARREN, 10/6 *net*.....Macmillan

GREENSTOCK, W.—Primer of Greek Exercises, 3/6.....Rivington

HADDON, A. C.—The Decorative Art of British New Guinea, 14/- *net*...Williams & Norgate

HAMMOND, B. E.—The Political Institution of the Ancient Greeks, 4/-...Cambridge Press

HEINEMANN, Dr. O. von.—The Ex-Libris Collection of the Ducal Library at Wolfenbuttel, 42/- *net*.....Grevel

HINTON, A. H.—A Handbook of Illustrations, 3/- *net*.....Dawbarn

LYDEKKER, R.—Handbook to the British Mammalia, 6/-.....W. H. Allen

MARMESSY, J. V.—Progress of Science, 7/6 Chapman

MURRAY, C. F.—Catalogue of Pictures belonging to Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey and in London, 126/- *net*.....Ellis & Elvey

NASMITH, J. W.—The Slide Rule, its Principles and Applicatton, 4/- *net*.....Heywood

NERNST, Prof. W.—Theoretical Chemistry, translated by Prof. C. F. PALMER, 15/- Macmillan

PERKIN, W. H., and KIPPING, F. S.—Organic Chemistry, 6/6.....Chambers

RUDALL, A. R., and GREIG, J. W.—The Law as to Copyhold Enfranchisement, 10/- *net* Jordan

SCHREIBER, TH.—Atlas of Classical Antiquities, edited by Prof. W. C. F. ANDERSON, 21/- *net* Macmillan

WALKER, L.—Varied Occupations in Weaving, 3/6.....Macmillan

WENCKSTERN, F. VON.—A Bibliography of the Japanese Empire, 25/-.....Paul

Year-Book of Treatment, 1895, 7/6.....Cassell

MISCELLANEOUS.

COLLINS, J. C.—Essays and Studies, 9/- *net* Macmillan

FLEWIN, W. G.—Angel Ministries, 6/..Allenson

FORSYTH, J.—The Practical Elocutionist, 2/6 Blackie

Good Reading about Many Books, 1/- *net* Unwin

HOWLEY, E.—The Needs for a Happy Life, 3/6 Digby

MASON, J.—The Art of Chess, 5/- *net*....H. Cox

MONTRESOR, F. F.—Into the Highways and Hedges, 6/-.....Hutchinson

PLATT, J.—Recollections and Reflections, 2/- Simpkin

RICHARDSON, J.—How Can it be Done? or Constructive Socialism, 2/6.....Sonnenschein

RIGG, Mrs.—Domestic Economy for the New Code, 2/6.....Chambers

TROWBRIDGE, W. R. H.—Gossip of the Caribees, Stories of West Indian Life, 3/6.....Unwin

TWEEDIE, Mrs. A.—Wilton, Q. C., or Life in a Highland Shooting Box, 6/- .....H. Cox

Who's Who in 1895, 2/6.....Simpkin

YOUNG, F. K., and HOWELL, E. C.—The Minor Tactics of Chess, 2/6.....Chatto

---

CONTINENTAL.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

AUBLET, ED.—La Conquête du Dahomey (1888–1894). 12 fr. 50 c.

BIRE, ED.—L'Année 1817. 7 fr. 50 c.

BOY, C.—Mémoires de Jean François Thoury (789–1830). 3 fr. 50 c.

BRETTE, ARM.—Recueil de documents relatifs à la convocation des états généraux de 1789. 12 fr.

BÜDINGER, M.—Die Universalhistorie im Alterthums. 5 M.

CALAS, T.—En Russie et ailleurs. 3 fr. 50 c.

CLERMONT TONNERRE, BARON T. DE.—Mémoires du Chevalier de Mautort. 7 fr. 50 c.

DANIEL, A.—L'Année politique. 3 fr. 50 c.

FÉVAL, P. and D'ORSAY, A.—Le Parc-aux-Cerfs. 3 fr. 50 c.

FRISCH, R. J.—Le Maroc; géographie, organisation, politique. 3 fr. 50 c.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GABILLOT, C.—Hubert Robert et son temps. 8 fr.

GRANDIN, COMMANDANT.—Canrobert. 5 fr.

KEUTGEN, F.—Untersuchungen über den Ursprung der deutschen Stadtverfassung. 5 M.

LESAGE, H.—Souvenirs d'un Maire-adjoint de Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE.—Lettres de, publiées par Max de la Rocheterie et le Marquis de Beaucourt. Part I. 1767–1780. 10 fr.

MISSET, L'ABBÉ.—Jeanne d'Arc champenoise. 2 fr. 50 c.

MONTÉGUT, E.—Le Maréchal Davout. 3 fr. 50 c.

MUEL, LÉON.—Gouvernement, ministères et constitutions de la France de 1789 à 1895. 10 fr.

PAGERIE, S. DE TASCHER DE LA.—Mon Séjour aux Tuileries, troisième série. 3 fr. 50 c.

PAULIN.—Les Souvenirs du Général Paron Paulin, 1782–1876. 3 fr. 50 c.

PÉROZ, COMMANDANT.—Au Niger, Récits de Campagnes. 7 fr. 50 c.

PETIT, É.—Histoire des ducs de Bourgogne de la race capétienne. 12 fr.

PETIT, É.—Organisation des Colonies françaises. Vol. 2. 12 fr.

RIVE, T. DE LA.—De Genève à Rome. 3 fr. 50 c.

ROUTIER, G.—Deux mois en Andalousie et à Madrid. 7 fr. 50 c.

SALIS, L. R. VON.—Die Entwickelung der Kultursfreiheit in der Schweiz. 3 M.

SCHMIDT, R.—Deutschlands Kolonien, ihre Gestaltung, Entwickelung und Hilfsquellen. Vol. I. 5 M.

SIMOND, EM.—Le Capitaine La Tour d'Auvergne, premier grenadier de la République. 3 fr. 50 c.

SULZAR, G.—Die wirtschaftlichen Grundgesetze in der Gegenswartsphase ihrer Entwicklung. 10 M.

TALLQUIST, K. L.—Die assyrische Beschwörungsserie Maglû nach den Orignalen im British Museum herausgegeben. 48 M.

VALERY, JULES.—Des Contrats par correspondance. 8 fr. 50 c.

VIBERT, P.—La République d'Haïti. 5 fr.

VINSON, AUG.—Voyage à Madagascar au couronnement de Radama II. 15 fr.

VUILLOT, P.—L'Exploration du Sahara. 20 fr.

WACHSMUTH, C.—Einleitung in das Studium der alten Geschichte. 16 M.

SCIENCE, PHILOLOGY, BIBLIOGRAPHY, ETC.

ARNDT, A.—De libris prohibitis commentarii. 3 M.

BEER, R.—Handschriftschätze Spaniens. 12 M.

Beitrage zur Geschichte der Philosophie des Mittelsalters herausgegeben von G. Baeumker. Vol. I, Part 4. 10 M. 75 Pf.

BRIVOIS, JULES.—Essai de bibliographie des œuvres de M. Alphonse Daudet. 10 fr.

CHABEUF, H.—Dijon, Monuments et Souvenirs. 100 fr.

COHN, G.—Beiträge zur deutschen Börsenreform. 3 M. 20 Pf.

ÉTIENNE, E.—Essai de grammaire de l'ancien Français (IXe–XIVe Siècles). 12 fr.

HEINEMANN, O. VON.—Die Ex-libris-Sammlung der herzoglich Bibliothek zu Wolfenbüttel. 40 M.

HEYD, W.—Bibliographie der württembergischen Geschichte. Part I. 3 M.

LEVIER, EM.—A travers le Caucase: notes et impressions d'un botaniste. 10 fr.

MAILHOL, D. DE.—Dictionnaire historique et héraldique de la Noblesse française. 30 fr.

Roman (Le) de la Rose, publié d'après le Manuscrit du Vatican par G. Servois. 10 fr.

RUSQUEC, H. DU.—Nouveau dictionnaire pratique et étymologique du dialecte de Léon. 15 fr.

STAS, JEAN-SERVAIS.—Œuvres complètes de. 30 fr.

FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS.

ALBALAT, ANTOINE.—Le Mal d'écrire et le roman contemporain. 3 fr. 50 c.

ABAUR, P.—Contes physiologiques. 3 fr. 50 c.

ALMAGIA, A.—Dinah Lamy. 3 fr. 50 c.

BUXY, B. DE.—Une jeune Belle-mère. 3 fr.

CHARNACÉ, G. DE.—L'Esclave. 3 fr. 50 c.

CALMETTES, F.—Simplette. 3 fr. 50 c.

CASTELLANE, M. DE.—Les Temps nouveaux. 3 fr. 50 c.

DARGENE, J.—Arc-en-Ciel. 3 fr. 50 c.

DEVAUT, L.—Romans sans Titre. 3 fr. 50 c.

DOUMIC, R.—La Vie et les Mœurs. 3 fr. 50 c.

FRÉHEL, J.—Tablettes d'Argile. 3 fr. 50 c.

GOFFIC, C. LE.—Passé l'Amour. 3 fr. 50 c.

GYP.—Leurs Ames. 3 fr. 50 c.

HACHE, G.—Carle et Jacques. 3 fr. 50 c.

HERMANT, A.—Le Disciple aimé. 3 fr. 50 c.

LAVEDAN, H.—Les Marionettes. 3 fr. 50 c.

LENBACH, E.—Wunderliche Leute. 3 M.

LEYRET, H.—En plein Faubourg. 3 fr. 50 c.

LORRAIN, J.—Sensations et Souvenirs. 3 fr. 50 c.

LINDE, A. VON DEN.—Antoinette Bourignon, das Licht der Welt. 5 M.

MAEL, P.—Toujours à toi. 3 fr. 50 c.

MAINARD, L.—Les mille et une Nuits. 3 fr. 50 c.

MARY, J.—Blessée au Cœur. 3 fr. 50 c.

MARYAN, M.—Le Mystère de Kerhir. 3 fr.

MONCHANIN, A.—Le Sous-préfet. 3 fr.

MOUTON, E.—Le Supplice de l'Opulence. 3 fr. 50 c.

NIBOR, YANN.—Nos Matelots. 3 fr. 50 c.

RYDBERG, VIKTOR.—Varia: Tankar och Bilder. 5 kr.

SAINT-AULAIRE, COMTE A. DE.—Carlistes et Christinos; Roman historique 1833-1868. 3 fr. 50 c.

SAINT GENEST.—Octave, Toto, Riri. 3 fr. 50 c.

SAPHO, R.—Fleurs de Printemps. 3 fr. 50 c.

VAUDERE, J. DE LA.—Le Droit d'aimer. 3 fr. 50 c.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED